

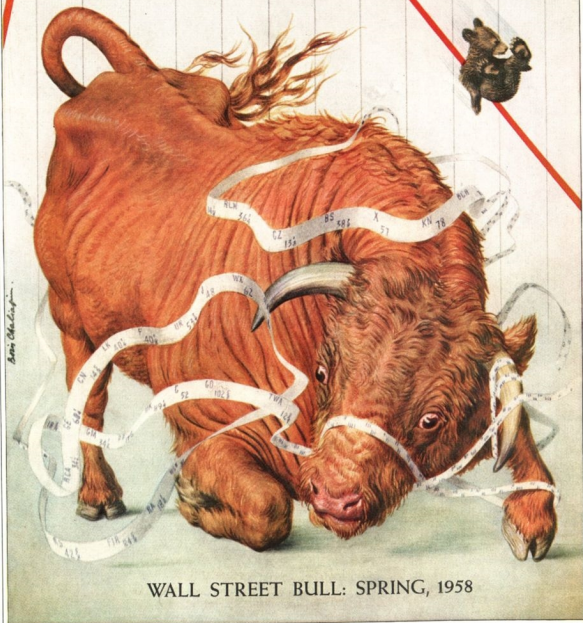
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

MARCH 24, 1958

THE RECESSION
How Deep? How Long?

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



WALL STREET BULL: SPRING, 1958

The Biscayne 2-Door Sedan with Body by Fisher and Safety Plate Glass all around.



YOU'LL LIKE BEING LOOKED AT *in your beautiful '58 CHEVROLET. That's only natural. For you know that the boldly sculptured lines of that longer, lower Body by Fisher set a new style in styling. And every move your Chevy makes tells you there's new high-mettled performance to go with that exclusive high-styled look.*

There's a special kind of glow that goes with owning a new Chevrolet. Behind the wheel, you feel like you're right where you belong. You know you're being looked at—and you couldn't look better.

You're driving the car with the styling that's causing the year's biggest stir. The plain fact is, people like to look at Chevrolets. They especially like those boldly sculptured contours and that graceful gull-wing rear. You can't miss or mistake a Chevy!

But this car brings you satisfaction that goes far beyond its

beauty. It surrounds you with the bank-vault solidity of famous Body by Fisher. It carries you serenely over the miles with a smoothness that could only come from a new kind of Full Coil suspension—or Chevy's real air ride*. It responds with a silken rush that tells you here's something wonderfully new in the way of V8 power.

Driving this new Chevrolet is much too good to put off. Your Chevrolet dealer will arrange it. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

**Optional at extra cost.*



**THESE FIVE OR ANY FIVE OF THE
18 ALBUMS DESCRIBED BELOW
FOR ONLY \$3.98** [RETAIL VALUE AS HIGH AS \$23.90]

BRASS & PERCUSSION
MORTON GOULD

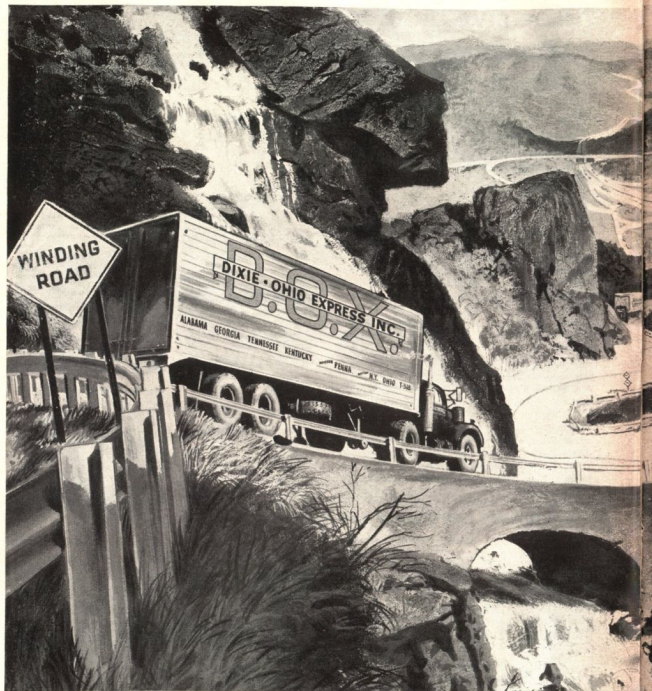
Victor



BING WITH A BEAT
BING CROSBY
with
BOB SCOBEY'S Frisco Jazz Band

A black and white photograph of Bing Crosby and Bob Scobey. Bing Crosby is on the left, wearing a light-colored jacket and a cap, sitting on a bench with his arms crossed. Bob Scobey is on the right, wearing a light-colored shirt, sitting on the same bench with his arms crossed. They are both smiling at the camera. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

"On hot runs and tread-grinders,



Buy and Specify Tubeless or Tube-Type



GOOD YEAR
MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON

we've tripled original mileage —



*and haven't had a failure
with HI-MILER CROSS-RIB
in 3 million tire miles!"*

**How Dixie-Ohio Express
vastly increased tread mileage,
cut tire-cost-per-mile to new LOWS:**

"When you combine long, hot runs with mountain grades averaging 5 tight turns a mile, mileage dwindles and tire costs mount.

"That was us," continues Dixie-Ohio President Clarence A. Kelley, "and we feared it would always be us.

"You see, we operate over 300 tractor units (mostly big diesels)—and almost 500 trailers—from Buffalo, New York—through Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee—down to Georgia and Alabama.

"There aren't many tougher combinations of braking on downgrades and sharp curves—torque-force tire-loading on upgrades—and the heat of long, fast runs.

"But 3 million tire-miles ago, we tried the new Hi-Miler Cross-Rib. The difference was dollars in the bank!

"At our former top mileage on drive-wheels—our average Cross-Rib still has plenty of go-ahead traction left, plenty of sideslip resistance—and is good for many thousands of additional miles before first recap! We tripled our original tread mileage already and we're rolling up recap grand totals we hadn't believed possible.

"What's more—for all our long, hard runs—for all our sudden axle-loadings and braking on tight-turn mountain runs—for all our rugged detours—for all our 50 thousand pound gross loads—not a Hi-Miler Cross-Rib has failed us in 3 million tire-miles!

"This beats anything we've ever put on any run—and in a business where costs-per-mile can break you, it's no wonder we're now buying Cross-Rib tires by Goodyear as fast as we get the wheels for them!"

For more fact-records of Hi-Miler Cross-Rib, contact your Goodyear dealer or Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV—every other Monday, 9:30 P.M., E. S. T.

HI-MILER CROSS-RIB EXTRA RUBBER *plus* TRIPLE-TOUGH



3-T

NYLON CORD

TEMPERED LIKE STEEL! Like steel, tire cord must be tempered to be tough. Goodyear's exclusive 3-T process, involving Tension, Temperature and Time, triple-tempers cord to make it TRIPLE-TOUGH—to give you longest tire life, lowest cost-per-mile!



TRUCK TIRES

GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Look for this nearby
Goodyear dealer sign for better
tire values—better tire care.

Most people
with automatic
dishwashers are
discerning people



In automatic dishwashing, as in everything else, you can expect premium performance only from a premium product. FINISH is such a product. It was developed specifically for people who stress perfection over price. Actually, FINISH costs so little more it's hardly worth mentioning.

Another Famous Product of
ECONOMICS LABORATORY, INC.
230 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

LETTERS

Ike & the U.S.

Sir: Your recent news treatment of Mr. Eisenhower is said by some wags to be roughly equivalent to the College of Cardinals criticizing the Pope. If being 67 years old is what is slowing down the President, then I heartily wish TIME were its present age.

DOROTHEA MORRIS

Smryna, Ga.

Sir:

You show a lack of appreciation of the personal sacrifices the President has made since 1956 when he bowed to Republican demands that he win for them a second term.

D. ARTHUR

New York City

Sir:

Please lay off nagging Ike every time he takes a change of scene. F.D.R. spent long weeks working at Warm Springs, Ga. and no one ever nagged him about it.

MARGARET MARTIN

Moultrie, Ga.

Sir:

Your March 3 issue lead story has these words: "... what longtime White House reporters deemed the most baffling of all Dwight Eisenhower's presidential weeks." Out of curiosity, we hunted today for any White House reporters (aside from TIME's man) who had been polled by TIME on what they thought of the President's week. We are sure you are not surprised that we found not a one. We question your right to attribute your own conclusions to "longtime White House reporters" who might not agree with you.

MERRIMAN SMITH

GARNETT D. HORNER

Press Room
The White House
Washington, D.C.

¶ TIME's own White House reporters do not need a poll to know when their colleagues are acting baffled.—Ed.

Sir:

Indicate is one word to describe Washington newsmen who keep harping to Ike about his health and reduction of his work load. These patriots err by putting all their eggs in one basket. If they are really concerned for the country's good, let them also visit the halls of Congress where absenteeism is said to be high.

E. MARCELLUS NESBITT

Beaver, Pa.

T.R. & the U.S.

Sir:

Your March 3 cover article made me feel like a kid again, for it took me back to my grammar-school days when Teddy was the hero of every schoolboy. Bully for you.

F. J. TERRA

Major, U.S.A. (ret.)

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

T.R. wisely told us to "speak softly and carry a big stick." Nowadays, the big stick is a masher.

LEA HOPE BLUM

Chicago

Sir:

Give me a Republican President of T.R.'s stature, and I'll quit voting Democratic—as I have in the last five campaigns.

W. T. WARD

Anaheim, Calif.

Sir:

T.R.'s day is over—why not realize we are in the Sputnik Age? No wonder the Russians are ahead.

T. J. JOHNSON

Minneapolis

Sir:

How badly we need a leader of Teddy Roosevelt's plain, old-fashioned guts today. Instead, we are stuck with pussyfooting little politicians, afraid of the voters' shadows. Would T.R. ever have sanctioned the ruinous farm surplus system, the Korean disaster, the betrayal of Hungary, the Aswan Dam blunder?

P. J. REED-MAAR

East Haddam, Conn.

Sir:

Theodore Roosevelt was not a member of Alpha Delta Phi at Harvard. Rather a most illustrious member of Delta Kappa Epsilon.

KARL ROBINSON

New Haven, Conn.

¶ See below.—Ed.

Sir:

The practice of allowing a man to be a member of more than one undergraduate social fraternity once existed at Harvard. Baird's *Manual of American Fraternities* verifies this as it names T.R. as a member of both Deke and Alpha Delt. As a result, Delta Kappa Epsilon honors Roosevelt as

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TIME
March 24, 1958

Volume LXXI
Number 12

TIME, MARCH 24, 1958



Treasured beyond all other gifts

The time is now. The place—this lovely home you've made together. The gift—a ring of diamonds to grace the gracious lady of your life and say, as nothing else can say, how much she means to you. "A diamond is forever."

This year, let a diamond make memorable that special anniversary, or important birthday, a debut, the birth of a child, or any significant event.



1/2 carat, \$220 to \$455
1 carat, \$550 to \$1210
2 carats, \$1380 to \$3410
3 carats, \$2545 to \$6365

Color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Prices shown cover range of quotations in January, 1958, by representative jewelers for their top-quality unmounted diamonds. (Federal tax extra.) Prices vary with top qualities offered. Exceptionally fine stones are higher.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

THE
NEW

FLORSHEIM

So Light



A Style LECTURE on TEXTURE—by Florsheim

Florsheim comes up with the most exciting
"surface interest" you've seen in years!
Imported Moroccos or natural grain Walnuts,
in all-over textured leathers or combined
with smooth calfskin—in blacks, browns, taupes!
A lecture on texture—with a happy blending!

*The RIVOLI, 31633;
square-toe three-eyelet blucher
in brown Walnut Calf*

Florsheim Shoes **\$18⁹⁵** and higher

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

one of its greatest members, and we do not feel inclined to allow Alpha Delta Phi exclusive claim.

JAMES A. MARTENS

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Glad Handers?

Sir:

How foolish can the Democrats, including ex-President Truman, get? That A.P. picture in your March 3 issue of Harry and Faubus shaking hands across the table is good for hundreds of thousands of votes for Nixon in 1960.

C. C. CUNNINGHAM

San Diego

Re-engineered Smoke

Sir:

In your March 3 prompt reporting of the [House Government Operations Committee] hearing, there is an error in your reference to our Parliament and Marlboro brands. I refer you to the report of the hearings where you will note that both the new high filtration Parliament and Marlboro are among the top three popular-price brands in low tar and nicotine delivery according to the Government's accepted figures. These brands were re-engineered late in 1957 and by February of this year were further reduced in tar and nicotine delivery.

ROBERT P. ROPER

Vice President

Philip Morris Inc.

New York City

Baskin in Sympathy

Sir:

We have just finished reading your March 3 report of the Lakeland, Ga. school board's recent action against Teacher Minnie Lee Baskin. The Georgia gentlemen's reason for firing her [for letting one of her white students ride in a Negro bus] is undoubtedly the most shocking revelation of ignorance displayed in the South to date. But let's give Mrs. Baskin a break. She did not intend to promote interracial matrimony; she merely permitted a nine-year-old white boy to get home in time for supper.

JUDY ESTY '58

MICHAEL MOORE '58

SUE HOLTZ '58

Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sir:

After reading your article, millions of Americans will laugh those three Dickensian characters (Superintendent Threutle, Board Chairman Thigpen and Member Crum) to scorn, and that sweet little old lady in your portrait will be Baskin in the warm sunshine of public sympathy and approval.

EARL C. MERCER

Bloomfield, Conn.

Optics v. Art

Sir:

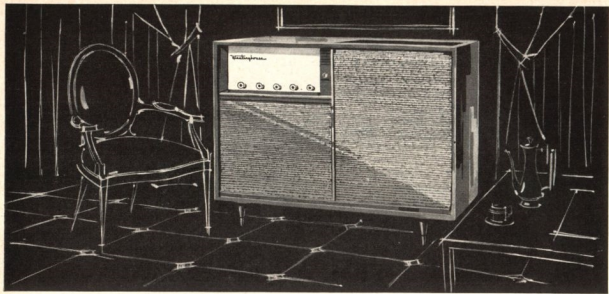
If El Greco was astigmatic [March 3] figures would have appeared elongated to him, but so would his canvas. If he painted precisely as he saw, the effect would have been self-correcting. An astigmatic person may see a circle as an ellipse, but if asked to draw what he sees, he will draw a circle. I bet an eye doctor would back me up that El Greco's elongations were artistic, not optical, aberrations.

RODERIC C. HODGINS

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

Astigmatism, closing one eye, or somehow throwing one eye out of commission makes it possible for the painter to see reality simul-



Westinghouse High Fidelity Challenge...we challenge

you to find High Fidelity to equal this—not just at the same price—but in many sets costing far more!

Coast to coast people listening to Westinghouse High Fidelity for the first time are amazed at what they hear... and *what they save!* They're finding they have to pay far more to equal Westinghouse performance. The reason is the Westinghouse "Balanced" Sound System. Every component—even the acoustic cabinet—has been so perfectly matched *the whole set plays*. You have to hear it to believe its perfection of timbre and dynamic range, its freedom from distortion. But, hear Westinghouse High Fidelity

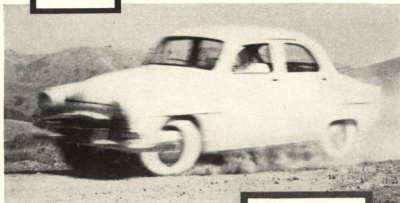
yourself, then let *your* ear decide. From \$149.50 to \$298.50.

Illustrated—High Fidelity Phonograph Console. 4 matched speakers (one 15" bass, one 7" intermediate, two 4" treble), 4 speed Record Player with automatic shut-off, dual diamond-sapphire stylus, connection provisions for remote speakers and tape recorders. Choice of woods. Biarritz... \$219.50 in Mahogany. Also available with AM-FM radio (Fontainbleu) \$289.50 in Mahogany. Lined oak and Fruitwood veneers slightly higher. (Prices slightly higher in South and West)

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse
Television-Radio Division, Meluchen, New Jersey

OFFICIAL
REPORT
NO. 1

SIMCA OUTPERFORMS ANYTHING IN ITS PRICE CLASS



The top experts of "Sports Cars Illustrated" magazine made the tests, and reported that *SIMCA* "will outperform anything in its price class." They also wrote: "SIMCA's speed, space, acceleration, comfort, roadability and price are all carefully aimed at making it the most car for the money built anywhere in the world." And it's true! The great new *Family Size*, Paris-built SIMCA is a fabulous automobile buy.

SIMCA

Sales and Service
Throughout America.
Overseas Delivery, too!

SIMCA, INC. 445 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York



MY CLOSEST SHAVE by Barnaby Conrad

Bullfighter and Author



"My closest shave was in Mexico when I was 18," says Barnaby Conrad, author of the best selling books *Matador* and *Gates of Fear*. "I went to a bullfight, thought it looked easy, and jumped into the ring with a fighting bull. It charged . . . and if it hadn't been for the quick work of the professionals, I'd have been a goner. Later I went to Spain and really studied the dangerous art, but I never had a closer call than when I thought 'la fiesta brava' was easy!"

For **YOUR Close Shaves**, try new Colgate Instant Shave. It's the quickest, *easiest* way ever. Your razor glides as smoothly as a matador's cape. Shaves your whiskers, saves your skin. A great shave buy for the tough-beard guy!

Colgate Instant Shave

Listen to the exciting Colgate Sportsreel with Bill Stern, Mutual network weekday mornings. Check your paper for time and station.



taneously in three dimensions. The painter tilts his head; horizontal and vertical lines and shapes correspondingly shift and tilt from one lower corner to the opposite upper corner of the canvas.

This rhythm helps to counteract the destructive forces of perspective.

HENRY KOERNER

Pittsburgh

After the Storm

Sir:

Your education section's "Wanted: Prestige" [Feb. 24] might have reported that [retiring] President Schmitz did not bar Dr. Oppenheimer from speaking at the University of Washington in 1955 or any other time. Indeed, Dr. Oppenheimer did appear at the university in 1956, a fact about which TIME was strangely silent.

DONALD K. ANDERSON

University of Washington
Seattle

¶ Said Dr. Schmitz in 1955: "My decision not to invite Dr. Oppenheimer to lecture on the university's Washington campus was reached only after long and careful study . . . I do not plan to reconsider it." After the resulting storm of criticism, the university in 1956 welcomed Oppenheimer to a campus gathering of international physicists.—Ed.

The Author on the Couch

Sir:

It is very heartening to read [March 3] that Tennessee Williams is taking psychoanalytic treatment, but judging from the first excited oversimplifications, such as "Evil is merely a sickness—a psychic distortion," there are many tinny rationalizations prancing around on the roof of Mr. Williams' intellect which need to be separated from the psychic cats before the doctor's fat fee can be tabulated.

R. A. NICKLAUS

Washington, D.C.

Sin, Science & Peanuts

Sir:

In your March 3 issue, a striking contrast could be noted: Missile Expert Werner von Braun earns \$16,000 yearly; Comic Strip Artist Charlie (Peanuts) Schulz, who "somehow graduated from high school after flunking algebra, Latin, English, physics," makes a whopping \$90,000 a year.

MRS. WM. T. RILEY

Cohoes, N.Y.

Sir:

Compare Dr. von Braun's salary of \$16,000 a year with the average annual income of \$10,000 of a call girl (as noted in your March 3 Medicine story).

PAUL F. LUDER

Managua, Nicaragua

The Drinking Set

Sir:

In the Jan. 13 issue you referred to our cocktail lounge as a "dive" just outside Los Angeles. We are the owners of the Beacon Café and we're pretty damn mad! We have one of the nicest, cleanest family bars in Inglewood, and our patrons are mad about this statement also.

JOE AND HELEN NAYMOLA

Inglewood, Calif.

¶ TIME agrees with Readers Naymola and their satisfied patrons that a man's own friendly neighborhood bar is never a dive.—Ed.

The winter's gone,
The cold is dead.
Spring is here,
Happiness ahead.
—Anon.

OLD CROW

ALMANAC

SPRING
1958

In which is
written new, useful,
and entertaining
Whims, Scraps,
or Oddities

A Precious Cargo for Sen. Henry Clay



WANTED: Drayman and helper. Must have well-found wagon, sturdy team of horses and know the roads to Washington. To take a shipment of James Crow's bourbon to the home of Senator Henry Clay in Washington, D. C. Apply at James Crow's Distillery, Glenn's Creek, Woodford County, Kentucky.

**Money on your mind?
History in your attic?
Put them all together
they can spell
\$250.00
FOR YOU**

Look through old trunks, attics, newspapers, family papers, diaries for documented information relating James Crow's whiskey to famous 19th Century Americans. Acceptable material will be paid for by the undersigned with 250 lawful and legal U. S. dollars.

**OLD CROW
HISTORICAL BUREAU
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.**

Nothing great was ever
achieved without enthusiasm.
—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

PUBLIC NOTICE

WHEREAS The Subscriber, by his Care and Skill has acquired general Approval with his whiskey, whose casks are known by the Mark, James Crow's Whiskey; And others, envying his success, have made and sold their bourbon

with this Mark, and imposing it on the Public as the Authentic Crow's bourbon; This is to notify that whatever bourbon is sold by the Subscriber, has only the Mark, James Crow's Whiskey, and any other Mark is an Imposture.

James Crow

A Toast

—to the improvement
that comes with time.

Old Wood burns the brightest
Old Friends are the truest
Old Crow tastes the finest

Strayed on Wednesday. 14th Inst. A RED COW

She is marked with white on her flank and is remarkable for having lost nearly half her tail. A drink of Old Crow and Five Dollars reward is being offered for her return. Daniel Andrews, 130 Half-Moon Street.

Great Debate

BETWEEN THE HONORABLE

DANIEL

WEBSTER

and

John Haynes

on the 19th, inst., in the Town Square, to be followed by a BARRICADE. Everyone welcome for an afternoon of great ORATORY, HONEST OLD BEEF and WEBSTER'S FAVORITE, JAMES CROW'S BOURBON.

**GEN. NATHAN B.
FORREST NEVER
SAID "Get There
Fastest with the
Mostest!"**

Confederate Gen. Basil Duke in his memoirs wrote of his famous fellow officer: "I was present at an interview between him (Forrest) and (Gen. John Hunt) Morgan. Morgan wanted particularly to know about his (marked success) at Murfreesboro. 'Oh,' said Forrest, 'I just took the short cut and got there first with most men.'" (Italics added). After the war, Gen. Duke, who called Old Crow "the most famous whiskey ever made in Kentucky," frequently met with Forrest to reminisce over a glass, no doubt, of this famous whiskey.



HENRY CLAY



DANIEL WEBSTER

MARK TWAIN



Enjoy historic

OLD CROW

... today America's
favorite bourbon!

Daniel Webster called Old Crow "the finest in the world!" . . . Mark Twain kept a supply at his favorite tavern. These, and other giants of 19th century America, prized Old Crow—just as you will when you try today's magnificently mild 86 proof Old Crow!



"The Finest Name in Bourbon"

Which Theory Do You OK?

Ever wonder where "OK" came from? One theory traces it back to the red-hot 1840 presidential campaign, when supporters of Martin

Van Buren mysteriously named themselves *The Democratic O. K. Club*. A newspaper revealed Van Buren's birthplace. But one theory goes back to when barrels of James Crow's great

bourbon were stamped *OK*—designating its origin as *Old Kentucky*. Since everyone knew the best whiskey came from Kentucky, OK on the barrel meant a treat in the glass! So pick your theory; either one is OK with us.

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY.

Today's air power in action:*



Carrier-based pocket bomber packs a nuclear punch

So compact that it serves aboard carriers without need of folding wings, the Douglas A4D-2 Skyhawk is the Navy's newest and most capable light attack aircraft.

The Skyhawk has low landing speeds required

for carrier operation, combines the lift needed to take off carrying a nuclear weapon with the range necessary for its use a great distance away. Small size, speed and responsiveness make the Skyhawk an extremely difficult target for enemy intercept-

No. 3 in a new series



The Douglas A4D-2 Skyhawk, known as the Mighty Midget, is the smallest, lightest U.S. jet combat aircraft. It can operate from small carriers or short "beachhead" fields.

tors or anti-aircraft. Numbers of Douglas Skyhawk are on active duty with U.S. carrier units now engaged patrolling sensitive areas around the world. They are in service for both the Navy and Marine Corps.

*Defensive systems—ability of such aircraft as the Douglas A4D-2 Skyhawk to range far afield from their floating bases increases our defense-in-depth by thousands of miles.

Depend on

DOUGLAS

*The most respected name
in Aviation*





FOR MEN WHO MEASURE DISTANCES IN TIME

The self-winding Omega Constellation chronometer is the world's most traveled watch... timing the precious hours of men on the move with unimpeachable accuracy. Every Constellation is exhaustively tested under extremes of temperature and in five different wrist positions. Its supreme precision is certified by an official Swiss Government Bureau. Created by perfectionists for perfectionists... the Constellation is for the man who has everything but one of the world's finest watches.

Illustrated - the magnificent Constellation Chronometer, with case, hands, hour markers, and mesh bracelet all of 18K gold. Water and shock resistant. \$875 incl. Fed. tax. Other Constellations from \$275, each with an official chronometer certificate verifying its high-precision rating. For illustrated brochure C, write Omega, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, New York.



Official Watch of
the International
Olympic Games



Highest Precision Record
at Neuchâtel
Observatory (1955)

Ω
OMEGA
Constellation Chronometer



GENE LITTLER "PRO MODEL" CLUBS BY SPALDING



Great new
way to
better golf-

SPALDING proudly presents the new Gene Littler* "Pro Model" Clubs—the finest golf clubs ever made.

These Registered beauties are SYNCHRO-DYNED clubs, scientifically coordinated to swing and feel the same. The woods are HYDRO-SEAL PROCESSED, impregnated and coated with plastic giving them added strength, making them virtually impervious to water damage.

The True Temper "Pro-Fit" Shafts of the irons are reverse threaded into the gleaming, perma-finish heads. There's no pin to work loose as in ordinary irons.

Gene Littler Clubs are sold through golf professionals only . . . and are guaranteed unconditionally.

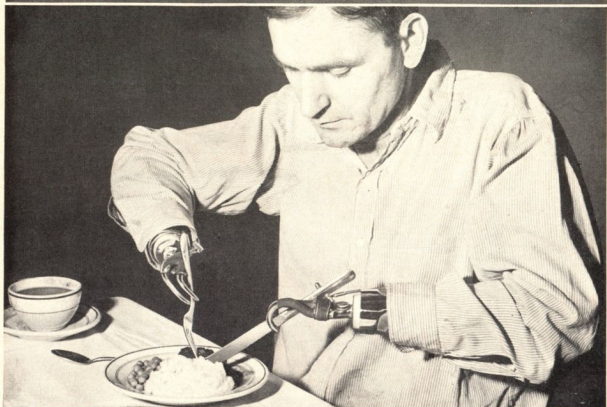
SPALDING *sets the pace in sports*

*Member of Spalding's Golf Advisory Staff

MARCH 24, 1958

LIBERTY MUTUAL®

The Company that stands by you®



Amputee's success story *Another example of Liberty's service on Workmen's Compensation Insurance*

THE PICTURE tells you: this man has skill. Your second thought is: this man has courage. Right, both times. He is a graduate of Liberty Mutual's Rehabilitation Center, an injured employee of a Liberty policyholder.

He lost both hands in an industrial accident. After surgical amputation and repair, he came to the Rehabilitation Center. There, Liberty's expert prosthetist fitted him with artificial limbs. He learned how to put them on without assistance, how to dress and feed himself.

After one month of training he was able to leave. He had achieved such skill in using his "hands" that, one month later, he went back to work with his former employer. *At a better job and a higher wage!* He has worked steadily since, with promotions and pay increases.

That is the way Liberty helps return injured workers to useful lives—an important factor in reducing the cost of compensation insurance. Of the 567 amputee patients referred to Liberty Rehabilitation Centers, 94% completed the program. Of these, 88.8% returned to work.



LIBERTY'S "EXPENSE RATIO" on Workmen's Compensation is lowest of any general casualty company operating nationwide. Liberty has returned \$422,111,000 in dividends to policyholders. For 20 years—the nation's largest writer of Compensation.



LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY • LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • Home Office: Boston
Insurance for: Workmen's Compensation, Group Accident and Health, Automobiles, Liability, Fire, Marine, Crime

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

THE surging popularity of U.S. painting in the art centers of Western Europe apparently does not stop short at the Iron Curtain. Proof of this is arriving at Manhattan's Whitney Museum of American Art in the form of scores of warm letters of appreciation from painters, sculptors, critics, curators and librarians—many of them speaking out to the West for the first time—from the muted lands of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania.

What triggered this spontaneous outpouring of sentiment was a single book: *Three Hundred Years of American Painting* by Alexander Eliot, an associate editor of TIME, which was published last November. Warmly as the book was received by U.S. critics, it now turns out that its best notices come from intellectuals and painters behind the Iron Curtain.

Hopeful of opening direct channels of communication with art movements in the satellite countries, the Whitney Museum had sent some 300 copies of the book overseas addressed to museums and individual artists. From Warsaw and Cracow, Budapest and Szeged, Prague, Zatec and Bucharest came a stream of letters, catalogues, books and even original drawings and engravings from artists who wished to reciprocate the Whitney's gesture.

The letters were scrupulously non-political. Nearly all had two points in common: 1) unstinting praise for the book, and 2) surprise that American painting was so good. One Rumanian intellectual, unreported for years and presumed by his U.S. friends to have disappeared long ago, wrote carefully: "The book renders me a great pleasure, and it fills a real gap in our knowledge of American art." A Budapest painter wrote: "We marvel at the richness of your art, of which we have only vague knowledge." From a librarian in Szeged: "This excellent work has aroused in our reading public a great interest.

It goes from hands to hands." "Let's do more of this," suggested an impressionist painter from Czechoslovakia. "It is much better to exchange books than missiles." Most of the letters were in good English, a few in German.

Even the weekly *Literarni Noviny*, published by the Union of Czechoslovak Writers, was moved to mix praise of the TIME volume with big-brotherly caution. It ran a reproduction of Richard Florsheim's *Night City* from the book and commented:

"This is a step in the right direction. It is certainly better than mailing to our cultural workers various revisionist scribbles dealing with national Communism and earmarked solely for export. While we reject such malicious tricks, it is with the greatest pleasure that we become acquainted, through *Three Hundred Years of American Painting*, with the true national culture of the American people."

JACQUES SELIGMAN GALLERIES



FLORSHEIM'S "NIGHT CITY"

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"Virginia and I drove New York's traffic with nails in all our tires..."



TIMES SQUARE AT 9:00 A.M.

What a place to have a puncture! Test officials checked tire pressure at 24 lbs. and drove 8-penny nails in each of the four Firestone tires.



GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

This is no place to have a puncture! A flat tire here might really tangle traffic. But Mrs. Larson and Mrs. Swain ride with confidence. Their four nail-punctured Firestone tubeless tires roll across the long bridge without losing air.



NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE

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Ruth Larson and Virginia Swain of New York City, like millions of other American housewives, have never changed a tire. And, like all people who drive cars, they hope they never will.

Recently they drove through New York's rush-hour traffic on a set of nail-punctured Firestone regular-priced tubeless tires to demonstrate that you don't have to buy premium-priced tires to get puncture protection. All Firestone tubeless tires, regardless of price, give you this extra safety. As long as the puncturing objects remain in the tires, Firestone's tubeless tire construction helps prevent loss of air.

Mrs. Larson and Mrs. Swain proved this point. They rode on four punctured, regular-priced Firestone tubeless tires—tires containing no special puncture sealant. They drove for hours through heavy New York traffic, where tire failure would cause embarrassment, and didn't lose a single pound of air.

positive protection against punctures!



yet they never needed air!"



LINCOLN TUNNEL

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FIFTH AVENUE

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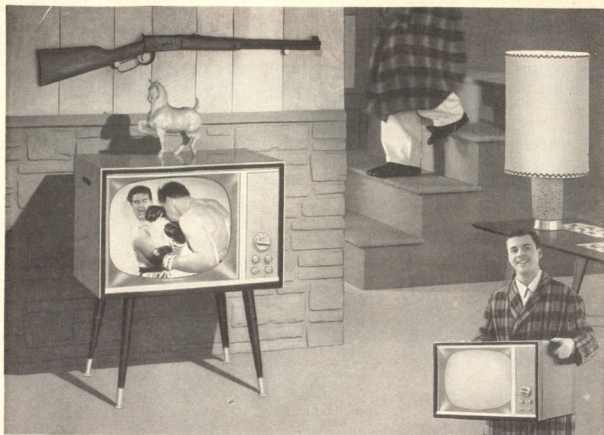
So, if you want the safest tires that money can buy, specify Firestone tubeless tires on your new 1958 car or go to your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store and have a set put on your present car. Convenient payment terms are available.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

SPACE

Into Orbit

This week the Navy's Vanguard rocket whooshed into blue sky from Florida's Cape Canaveral, put into orbit the second U.S. satellite, a tiny (3½ pounds) aluminum sphere. From up to 2,500 miles in space its radio beeps proclaimed success after two previous Vanguard failures.

THE NATION

Into Combat

Perhaps the basic political fact about recessions in the U.S. today is that the Federal Government is committed by law, custom, popular demand and political necessity to combatting them. Last week, confronted by a spate of plunging graphs and slipping statistics, both the White House and Capitol Hill were talking plenty of combatting. Items:

Public Works. The President asked Congress for an extra \$257 million for reclamation, flood control, hospital construction and other public works. With both parties agreed on speeding up the federal-state highway program, the Administration sent to Capitol Hill a proposal to put an additional \$2.2 billion in federal money into the program over the next few years. The Senate Public Works Committee voted an even more souped-up highway bill. The House passed a hog-fat rivers and harbors (pork-barrel) bill.

Housing. With nary a nay, the Senate okayed a pump-priming Democratic bill authorizing an additional \$1.8 billion in federal housing loans, as reports showed private housing starts had fallen from 64,200 in January to 60,000 in February.

Defense Spending. The White House announced that procurement orders would be placed at an average rate of \$2.3 billion a month in 1958's first half, nearly double the pace of 1957's last half.

Unemployment Insurance. The Administration shaped up a plan to extend benefits for 13 weeks beyond present limits—36 weeks in most states—and House Democrats hopped a bill to continue payments for an extra 16 weeks.

Both the Administration and responsible leaders on Capitol Hill curbed the temptation to plunge into tax cuts. The Senate even voted down, 71 to 14, a premature tax-cut measure urged by Illinois Democrat Paul Douglas (see Democrats). But Democratic chiefs in both Houses

and Administration voices made it clear that tax cuts lay ahead unless March statistics showed unemployment shrinkage.

Whether the Democratic Congress goes for tax cuts or public works or, as is most likely, a generous combination of both, the price will be a huge budget deficit. With the recession pushing federal spending up and revenue estimates down, a fiscal 1959

DEMOCRATS

Upping the Ante

Out of nowhere flashed the rumor, sweeping across Capitol Hill, lighting up switchboards, sending Democratic congressional aides running helter-skelter to newsmen with the breathless question: "Anything from the White House yet?"



Walter Bennett

THE PRESIDENT WITH LABOR LEADERS*
Everything but an offer to hold down wages.

deficit of \$5 billion or more already looms. Tax cuts or massive new spending could easily mean a red-ink splash of more than \$10 billion, biggest since 1946.

This fact was very much in the President's mind as he fended off demands for reckless action to halt the downturn by any means, at any cost. Labor, business, state and local governments, all were calling for action from Washington, and doing very little on their own to help fight the recession. Symbolizing the panic pressures, A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, United Auto Workers President Walter Reuther and other top labor leaders handed the President a damn-the-deficits plan that included just about everything except an offer to join with management in a hold-down on wages and prices. The U.S., it seemed, had grown overly accustomed to letting Uncle Sam do it.

The rumor: the Eisenhower Administration was about to send a tax-cutting bill to Congress.

House Ways & Means Committee Chairman Wilbur Mills, ordinarily a calm, slow-going Arkansan, got the word during hearings on reciprocal trade, rushed from the room, set up a telephone command post in a nearby office, alerted Speaker Sam Rayburn, huddled with other Democratic leaders, issued urgent orders for committee staffers to whip up a Democratic tax-cut bill the moment the White House moved. No matter what chips the Republican Administration threw onto the table against recession, the Democratic

* From left: Electrical Workers' James Carey, Ladies Garment Workers' David Dubinsky, Steelworkers' David McDonald, A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, Auto Workers' Walter Reuther.

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT RECESSION

Illinois' Democratic Senator PAUL DOUGLAS:

THE quickest and most effective way of dealing with the recession is by means of a tax cut for lower- and middle-income groups, i.e., those groups which tend to spend almost all their income. Such a tax cut would be fed into the economy almost immediately. It would stimulate demand for goods and services, afford the best hope for stopping the current economic recession, and help to start an economic upturn. Public works are too slow. And even if taken off the shelf quickly, and even if built in the right localities, public works generally do not directly employ those who have lost industrial jobs.

Harvard Economics Professor JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH:

TAX reduction is a rather irrevocable step. Once taxes are reduced, it will be difficult to raise them again. Should the present recession prove temporary, we would want to have them back, and fairly promptly. We can't have a deficit in both depression and boom. Life is not yet that wonderful. There are other reasons for favoring public works. Schools and aid to education, research support and facilities, health facilities, urban rental housing, urban redevelopment, resource development, metropolitan communications, are all deficient or lagging. We should first make jobs building the schools.

Harvard Economics Professor SUMNER SLICHTER:

TAX cuts would be a mistake. In order to do much good a tax cut would have to take effect within the next two months. Proposals for larger outlays on public works, however meritorious in themselves, are not an effective way of dealing with the recession. Three steps by the Government would be extremely useful. One would be assurance that the Federal Reserve will not revert to its extreme credit policies of last year. The second step would be an aggressive easing of credit by the Federal Reserve. The third step would be for the Defense Department to step up its efforts to order new goods it would otherwise order next summer or fall.

Fair Deal Economic Adviser LEON KEYSERLING:

THE argument that we face a mutually exclusive choice between a much bigger federal budget and substantive tax reductions dangerously misreads the plain facts about the current economic situation. We need action along both of these lines.

Columnist DAVID LAWRENCE:

THE biggest single incentive that could be applied in America today is in the field of taxation. The current recession and the economic convulsions of our time are directly related to the punitive rates in our tax system.

WASHINGTON POST AND TIMES HERALD:

THE hope now must be that the Government's decisions to advance and expand some of its normal spending program will be sufficient to hold off pressures for abnormal, make-work projects or for drastic tax reductions that might induce curbs on indispensable Federal expenditures.

NEW YORK TIMES:

IT is now clearer that the Government will not permit the present recession to become much worse. In fact, the chief argument is already now primarily one of timing of more massive Government intervention as well as of the form this intervention should take—a tax cut, a sharp increase in public works or a combination of the two. In the last analysis we have now both the weapons and the will to prevent any serious deterioration of the present fundamentally healthy economic situation.

WALL STREET JOURNAL:

YOU may be sure that in their freedom the people will in due time turn the recession around. They will probably do it faster the less they are stuffed with Government "remedies" and the less they hear about Thinking Big. There is only one right approach to taxes, and that is for the Government to reduce its spending enough to permit reductions without unbalancing the budget. What the economy needs far more than a tax holiday is a holiday from Government gimmicks.

Columnist GOULD LINCOLN in the WASHINGTON EVENING STAR:

THERE are two sides to Government deficit spending. It may help the economy in immediate troubles, but it can add to the tax burdens of the people for years to come. Government spending is not the total answer to the present problem. The biggest part of the solution must come from the American people and private industry.

Minnesota's Democrat - Farmer - Labor Representative COVA KNUTSON:

UNCLE SAM is sick. He has a bad case of "depressionitis." He has a pain in his economy and he has jobless fever and chills. The dangerous germ

that has brought Uncle Sam to bed is the neglect of the family farm.

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE:

THE recession is taking on the "saucer" shape of 1953-54. The signs grow that we are on the bottom of the saucer, but it may take some time to cross the flat part of the bottom.

Bank of America President S. (for Seth) CLARK BEISE:

I THINK we have come down a rapid descent in business activity but we will saucer off now. We should bottom at midyear and have a fourth quarter turn-up in the later months of the year.

Dallas' First National Bank Economist ARTHUR A. SMITH:

IF the injections of Government spending (dope) by Uncle Sam (the doctor) result in strengthening public confidence and in adding push to the private economy (the patient), then the treatment will be proper. Of course, the patient ought to get well enough to go off dope and pay the doctor's bill.

Oakland Industrialist HENRY J. KAISER JR.:

RECESSION? Depression? If you analyze deeper, you'll see we're not going into any decline. We have too great a country; we have too great a future.

New Jersey's Republican Senator H. ALEXANDER SMITH:

THE other day I read an interview with a resort hotel operator who claimed he was feeling the effects of the recession. He turned down 500 reservations every weekend last year, he said, but now he is turning down only 400. It is meaningless to talk about recession unless we consider what the economy is receding from, and where it stands in relation to the past. At the present it is receding from the highest peak in our economic history; and even now it remains at a record high, compared to the level of previous years.

Colorado's Republican Senator GORDON ALLOTT:

WHAT is more significant than the absolute number of unemployed is the percentage of the labor force unemployed. Our February unemployment constituted around 7½% of the labor force and about 6½% when adjusted for seasonal variations. This rate is lower than in several months during 1949 and early 1950. And it is, of course, way below the 25% unemployed in 1933, 19% in 1938, and 14.6% in 1940 after eight years of New Deal recovery.

Congress was determined to up the ante in the wildest political game so far in Election Year 1958.

Highballing Series. As it turned out last week, the tax-cut rumor was phony. But the excitement it caused was as real as anything that happened on Capitol Hill, where Democrats and Republicans fought for control of the economic issue, which might make the critical November difference in from 60 to 80 House seats and a dozen or so Senate places.

There were a few hysterical Democratic outbursts. House Majority Leader John McCormack cried: "This recession was deliberately planned and put into operation by the Republican Administration." But the general Democratic strategy had been coldly planned and was coldly executed by Senate Leader Lyndon Johnson and "Mister Sam" Rayburn. Its essentials: 1) let the Eisenhower Administration move first on tax cuts; the longer Ike waits, figure Democrats, the more laggard his party will appear; then 2) bump all Republican bets with a whopping Democratic tax slash aimed mostly at relief for middle- and lower-income workers, i.e., most U.S. voters. Meanwhile, the Democratic Express could roar down the tracks with a highballing series of anti-recession spending bills—and Republicans could grab onto the caboose as best they could. Items:

¶ The Senate shouted through a Lyndon Johnson resolution calling upon the Administration to speed public-works spending on previously authorized projects. The vote: 93 (including 46 Republicans) to 1 (New Hampshire Republican Norris Cotton). Actually, the Administration's public-works speedup was under way with, out the help of the Johnson resolution.

¶ The Senate passed a \$1.8 billion housing bill, \$6 to 0, with 44 Republicans supporting the measure authored by Alabama Democrat John Sparkman. At one point Democratic politics came through loud and clear, when the Democrats tried to knock out a provision permitting an increase of interest rates on G.I. loans from 4½ to 4¾—an increase that will encourage private lenders to handle the now-shunned G.I. loans. The increase was permitted to stand only because Vice President Nixon threw his vote to the Republican side to break a 47-47 tie.

¶ With the help of six Republican votes, the Senate Public Works Committee followed Tennessee's Democratic Senator Albert Gore in unanimously authorizing an additional \$600 million speedup in road building this year. The Administration had called for a more modest increase that would not begin until next year.

¶ Eleven Republicans joined 30 Democrats as the Senate, by a 50-to-43 vote, adopted a resolution to freeze farm price supports and acreage allotments at not less than the 1957 levels. The vote was a defeat for the Administration and Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson, who wanted to cut farm giveaways.

¶ But when Illinois' Democratic Senator Paul Douglas tried to tack a \$5 billion tax cut onto a routine insurance tax bill,



Talburt—Scripps-Howard Newspapers Inc.
NO LIMIT AND EVERYTHING WILD

thereby departing from his leadership's check-and-raise tax policy, he was clobbered, 71 to 14.

Nervous Kibitzers. The Democratic strategy was successful in upsetting nearly all Republican alignments. Some Old Guardsmen, e.g., New York's Representative Dan Reed, the ranking G.O.P. member of the Ways and Means Committee, and Pennsylvania's Ed Martin, chilly in the past toward the Eisenhower Administration, now found themselves backing Ike in his refusal to push the panic button. Yet many devoted Eisenhower Republicans found themselves nervously eyeing the Administration's play of the hand. Among them: New Jersey's Clifford Case, New York's Jack Javits, and Kentucky's John Sherman Cooper, who are in the forefront of Senators calling on the Administration for more dramatic moves against unemployment. Even the Eisenhower Cabinet itself seemed split, in point of tax-cut timing if not of principle (see Republicans)—and in the general Republican confusion, the Democrats could only go on raking in all the anti-recession chips.



Dowling—© 1958, N.Y. Herald Tribune Inc.
"WE DON'T KNOW WHICH WE'LL USE YET"

REPUBLICANS

Walking the Tightrope

Meeting behind closed doors last week with Republican congressional leaders, President Eisenhower named no names, wagged no finger in individual faces, but made his point hard and strong. Republican talk of an anti-recession tax cut, he said, is premature and dangerous. Those who were taking the tax-cut line were unable to say "where we're going to get the money" to run the Government. As he spoke, his guests stole embarrassed glances at a man whose blush was rising out of his collar: Vice President Richard Nixon, who just the day before had got out front of the White House on tax-cut policy.

Nixon had called half a dozen reporters into his office for some candid talk about recession. He carefully avoided any call for a tax cut—but he did say that if the U.S. is "going to go down the spending road or the [tax] cut road," then he preferred the tax-cut road. When should such a decision be made? Replied Nixon: "In a few weeks."

Actually, Nixon's remarks were pretty much in line with admitted Administration policy. Said a top White House staffer: "He went further than we have gone, but he was consistent." And his statement was notably restrained as compared with his private tax-cutting views: on Capitol Hill Nixon is under heavy pressure from congressional Republicans who want dramatic Administration anti-recession action. He believes a tax cut is inevitable—and he wants Republicans to get the political credit.

Next Step? Administration policy, President Eisenhower made clear, is that there is nothing inevitable about a tax cut. Nixon got the word, but his strongest Cabinet supporter, Labor Secretary James Mitchell—who was not at the President's conference—apparently did not. That same day, Jim Mitchell rose before an A.F.L.-C.I.O. "Emergency Economic Conference," said flatly that a tax cut "is the next big step," claimed that the Administration already had a plan ready for use.

Another rebuke was soon forthcoming. First, White House Press Secretary James Hagerty bluntly denied that the Administration had a tax-cutting plan. Next, Hagerty arranged an unusual White House press conference for Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson, who repeated the denial. Finally, Anderson called his fellow Texan, House Speaker Sam Rayburn, with assurances that he, Bob Anderson, not Richard Nixon or James Mitchell, was the Administration's fiscal spokesman.

Clearly, Dick Nixon's sure foot had slipped just a bit in the course of walking the tightest rope in U.S. politics. That rope stretches between complete loyalty to Dwight Eisenhower and the unhappy knowledge that the Republican Party, under the leadership of a President who simply does not care much about partisan politics, is losing both the headlines and the political battles by slow reaction to popular issues.

While walking his tightrope, Nixon has



MITCHELL BEFORE A.F.L.-C.I.O.



ANDERSON AT WHITE HOUSE PRESS CONFERENCE

Out front: the man with a case to win or lose.

made himself the most useful vice president in history. He has taken six trips abroad as the President's representative, and a Latin American tour is planned for this spring. He presides over both the National Security Council and the Cabinet when Ike is absent. He has consistently gone all-out for Administration programs, even those that are unpopular with large and powerful Republican groups; e.g., Nixon is a leading spokesman for foreign aid and liberalized foreign trade.

Hard Sell? But in recent months Nixon's dissatisfaction with the Eisenhower Administration's political savvy has caused him to take political stands independent of the White House, leaving the President free to disown him if he goes too far. Thus, while White House spokesmen were still scoffing at Sputnik I as a "silly bauble," Nixon publicly proclaimed the Russian satellite a serious, important challenge to U.S. technology. He works hard with Republican National Chairman Meade ALCORN to bolster the morale of Republican organizations across the country, privately wishes that Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson would resign to help the party in the farm states. Again, it was his awareness of the Administration's political shortcomings that last week moved Nixon out front on the tax issue.

What happened dramatizes Nixon's dilemma: he is by far the leading candidate for the 1960 Republican presidential nomination.* That nomination may be hardly worth having if the Administration fails to sell its record in the political market. But if Nixon jumps out and oversells, he might lose the good will of the only man who could deny him the nomination, Dwight Eisenhower himself.

* The Gallup poll showed last week that Nixon is favored for the G.O.P. nomination by a whopping 64% of Republican voters, as against 48% last November, and by 40% of independents, against 24% in November. Runner-up among Republicans: California's Senator William Knowland, with 9%. Among independents: Harold Stassen, 12%.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Tired Line

Every day, in every way, a hypnotic feeling about a new parley at the summit transfixed and tranquilized official Washington. High Administration officials spoke wearily—if anonymously—about the summit as an inevitable and accepted fact of September, August or July. When President Eisenhower last week invited Prime Minister Macmillan to visit him in June en route from a commencement speech at Indiana's DePauw University, London newspapers billed the White House date as a "pre-summit" meeting.

There were few signs of hard thought about hard bargaining on hard issues to get hard concessions; instead, Washington's tired line seemed to be that "world opinion" wanted the summit, and the U.S. might just as well drift along with it or lose propaganda points to the Kremlin. At one low point last week top-ranking Washington Republicans even talked about the summit as a happy-talk campaign issue for next November—"talking peace"—that might drown out Democratic talk of gloom-and-doom recession. Wrote the New York Times's James Reston: "The G.O.P. politicians are all for making the experiment."

Trial Ballooning. In this soft climate, the Kremlin struck hard last week on hard issues and overrode the U.S. contemptuously. One day Khrushchev turned down Eisenhower's proposal to discuss the reunification of Germany by free elections—agreed upon in the 1955 summit conference—out of hand. Another day K. termed Eisenhower's thoughts on freedom for satellite peoples to choose their own government as "insulting," "unheard-of," and "a scandalous violation of the elementary forms of intergovernmental relations." K. did not like Eisenhower's "tone." Finally, K. offered to consider Eisenhower's plan for peaceful use of outer space—but only if the U.S. would scrap overseas bases. The State Department, thrown on the propaganda defensive

once again, could only reply: "Wholly unacceptable."

By contrast with the Russians, high U.S. disarmament negotiators, seeking a new peace initiative, put on a strange performance. In Washington's time-honored way of trial balloons and planted leaks, the disarmament men felt out the U.S. public on possible U.S. concessions. The U.S., they suggested tentatively, no longer feels the same way about disarmament as it felt last summer. The U.S. might consider splitting its foolproof package, i.e., discuss an end to atomic tests without insisting that the Russians stop nuclear production at the same time. In fact, said the trial balloonists, the U.S. is now actually considering a three-year suspension of tests—without a single real Communist concession in return. Explained the *Christian Science Monitor*: "Soviet propaganda being what it is, and being as effective as it is, the West has little choice but to unwrap its single package or stand before the world charged with obstructing agreement."

Strumming Guitars. Here and there amidst the soft guitars could be heard an occasional rattle of rearguard musketry. In faraway Manila, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles told the SEATO Council that the U.S. would negotiate "any" disarmament agreement with the U.S.S.R., but only provided that the agreement 1) could be inspected and enforced, 2) would not tilt the balance of power the Kremlin's way. Dulles' point, reiterated again and again, was that sure peace lies only in sure strength. Even so, the London Times told its readers accurately: "In Britain public opinion is keener than the government in pressing for summit talks . . . Such is not the case in the U.S. . . . The Administration is as likely to rouse criticism as applause by appearing too eager to talk with the Russians."

The irony of the whole situation is that it is the U.S.S.R., avidly yearning for the summit, that ought by every diplomatic definition to be offering the concessions; the U.S., busy belatedly on

its missile buildup, ought not to be vol-
unteering concessions.

The irony was lost in the failure of the Administration to set—in private as well as in public—the firm, hard, lean line that effective peacemaking requires. Thus the irony reached its high point at week's end when the Kremlin's Nikita Khrushchev predicted, in the midst of a remarkable 9,000-word letter in Britain's socialist *New Statesman*, his unswerving faith in ultimate world victory for Communism. Said K.: "Such is the relentless course of historical development, and no one can halt it."

THE ATOM Political Shock Wave

It was only a "little, tiny bomb," said Atomic Energy Commissioner Willard F. Libby, but last week, half a year after the explosion, its political shock wave jolted Washington.

The A-bomblet, packing the wallop of 1,700 tons of TNT, exploded 800 ft. underground on the AEC's Nevada proving grounds, opened up a new vista for the peaceful uses of atomic explosives (see SCIENCE). But the prospect of the bright atomic future stirred up less interest in Washington than a dispute over how far away an underground A-bomblet's shock wave can be detected. Reason: the ability to detect or conceal a test explosion has a vital bearing on the growing debate over whether the U.S. should accept Russia's proposal for a suspension of nuclear tests, with each side stationing inspection teams inside the other's territory.

The AEC said flatly that, in this case, "the maximum distance" was 250 miles. But the Disarmament Subcommittee, chaired by Minnesota's Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey, found out from the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey that its seismographs picked up tremors as far away as Alaska. Prodded by the subcommittee, the AEC corrected itself, announced that the explosion was detected at College, Alaska, 2,300 miles from the blast site.

Since the AEC's Chairman Lewis Strauss firmly opposes any test-suspension agreement on the ground that the Russians would cheat, and influential Nuclear Physicist Edward Teller supports Strauss by insisting that they technically could cheat, the 2,050-mile mistake caused a flurry of accusations that the AEC had been doing some cheating itself. Hubert Humphrey all but accused Strauss & Co. of deliberately twisting truth. Asked the Strauss-baiting Washington *Post* and *Times Herald*: "Has the AEC been bending the scientific facts to suit a preconceived position?"

In a written reply to Minnesota's Humphrey, Libby assured him that the Atomic Energy Commission's mistake was "entirely inadvertent." After questioning AEC officials, Capitol Hill's Joint Atomic Energy Committee issued a bipartisan verdict of acquittal. Declared North Carolina's Committee Chairman Carl Durham: AEC made an "honest error."

ARMED FORCES

Mars Bluff

Drooping, knife-edge wings raised to flight, black exhaust streaming from six jet engines, the Strategic Air Command's B-47 No. 876 hurtled into the air from the runway at Hunter Air Force Base at Savannah one afternoon last week. Along with most of SAC's 308th Bomb Wing, No. 876 was headed off on a highly classified flight—Operation Snow Flurry—to one of the four SAC fields in North Africa.

As the plane climbed toward 15,000 feet, Captain Earl Koehler, 36, the plane commander, saw a light flash on his instrument panel. This was a warning and an urgent one: the electrical bomb-locking

leader: "This is Garfield 13. I am aborting the mission." He explained why, radioed his story for relay to his home base.

As No. 876 circled the area, taking photographs, logging everything, the airmen watched pale-faced as tiny ambulances sped toward a South Carolina community with the incredibly appropriate name of Mars Bluff.

Vaporized Hen. The unarmed bomb slammed down in the gummy loam near Florence (pop. 30,000) and went off with the impact and power of a 2,000-lb. World War II-type RDX bomb. Its exploding charge of TNT, part of the nuclear trigger device, dug a 20-ft. crater in the backyard of the asbestos-shingle home of Railroad Conductor Walter ("Bill") Gregg, 37, cut



SAC CREW THAT DROPPED THE BOMB*
The dud heard round the world.

Don Crovess—LIFE

system was malfunctioning, and in the bomb bay lay an unarmed nuclear bomb.

Slipping Pig. Navigator Bruce Kulka unbuckled his seat and shoulder harnesses, scooted up from his seat in the nose to the crawlyway, opened a hatch and squeezed into the floodlit bomb bay. There the big bomb—SACmen call it a "pig"—hung from its single shackle. Cautiously, Kulka tried to slide a big steel pin through the shackle to hold the pig in case the electrical lock let go. The bomb began to wobble. Desperately, Kulka worked on.

Suddenly the bomb unhinged, dropped through the fragile bomb-bay doors, which flapped open, fell out of the B-47. Somehow Kulka managed to catch hold of something—he cannot remember what it was—and hung on for his life in the empty bomb bay in the whistling wind. Back in the flight cabin, Koehler heard a rumble, and Copilot Charles Woodruff idly noticed a shock wave radiating on the ground. "Just like a concussion wave from a bomb," Woodruff told himself. Then, with a shock, he realized what had happened. Captain Koehler closed the bomb-bay doors and reported to his flight

and bruised Gregg, his wife, his three children and his niece, damaged seven buildings, killed one hen and probably vaporized a dozen more. Within minutes the curious began pouring toward the crater. Kids soon spotted jagged chunks of shiny metal, carted them home in paper bags until Air Force police moved in.

Technicians deployed their Geiger counters to check the level of radioactivity. Report: no danger. Reason: nuclear bombs have been painstakingly designed so that they cannot function unless they go through a complex arming process, and the Air Force is not likely to fly with armed nuclear bombs this side of the Iron Curtain or the Pole.

Dangers in Defense. No. 876's unarmed atomic bomb nonetheless went off thunderously around the world, and nowhere more so than in London, where Socialists, pacifists and many Fleet Street editors latched on to a new gimmick for their campaign against U.S. Air Force nuclear patrols over Britain (see FOREIGN

* From left: Navigator Kulka, Co-Pilot Woodruff, Pilot Koehler.

News), Radio Moscow chipped in to say that all nuclear flights ought to be grounded. "Events have shown how topical this warning is."

But, while Defense Secretary McElroy hailed SAC's bomb-safety precautions, and while SAC investigated No. 876's bomb-locking system, it was Florence that best told Britain and Moscow the reasons why. Said Mayor David McLeod: "We all realize that we live in periled times, and our nation must be prepared to defend itself at a moment's notice. There are dangers in such defense, and this is one of the dangers."

World War II Paratrooper Bill Gregg, owner of the wrecked frame house, could not have agreed more. Once his astonishment had worn off and Air Force lawyers had assured him that things would be put to rights, he remarked: "I always wanted a swimming pool, and now I've got the hole for one at no cost. I may open it to the public—charge them for swimming in uranium-enriched waters."

THE CONGRESS

What Mister Sam Wants . . .

"I'm a soldier in the ranks," wailed Brooklyn Democrat Manny Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee. "I've got to do what the Speaker wants me to do." What House Speaker Samuel Taliaferro Rayburn, 76, wanted, instead of a constitutional amendment, was a simple congressional statute that would give Congress the dominant voice in deciding whether a President is disabled and whether a Vice President ought to take over as Acting President. And after two hours of hot opposition to Mister Sam's ukase, the Judiciary Committee last week voted to send even the Celler version of the Mister Sam plan back to subcommittee for more study and the whole disability issue back for more delay. Said Celler: "This kills it!"

In the Senate Judiciary Committee, nine out of 15 members, led by Tennessee's Democrat Estes Kefauver and Illinois' Republican Everett Dirksen, were co-sponsoring a bipartisan constitutional amendment designed to wrap up last fortnight's historic—but informal—Eisenhower-Nixon agreement that the Vice President becomes Acting President in event of presidential disability (TIME, March 17). But doubts were mounting about whether the amendment would ever get the needed two-thirds majority in the Senate and House. Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson was noncommittal. One key reason: the great weight Johnson places on the opinions of his fellow Texan, Mister Sam.

Mister Sam's stubborn stand left chances for action on presidential disability this session at something close to zero. And that also left the nation's security against chaos-by-disability resting solely upon the Eisenhower-Nixon agreement, which Mister Sam derides, with the prestige he has piled up in 45 years in the House and 13 years as Speaker, as little more than a scrap of paper.

THE LAW

When a Feller Needs a Foe

Pennsylvania's Congressman William J. Green Jr., Philadelphia's Democratic Party chairman, is a powerful politician with lots of friends. He is also in hot water, is scheduled to go on trial shortly in Scranton (with six other men) for conspiring to defraud the U.S. Government with some monkey business involving the construction of an Army Signal Corps Depot in Tobyhanna, Pa. A smart politico, Bill Green knows that a man sometimes has less to fear from his enemies than from his friends. For that reason, Green filed a petition asking that the trial judge, his old friend and onetime



GREEN & FELLOW DEMOCRAT*
Where there's help, there's hostility.

fellow Congressman District Judge John W. Murphy, disqualify himself on the ground of a sort of reverse prejudice.

Said Green in the brief: "I believe Judge Murphy is personally prejudiced against me by reason of our long and close political and social relationship and that by reason of his desire to prove his integrity and lack of favoritism, he will not afford me a fair and impartial trial." The prejudice, added Green, arises out of the "many favors I have done for him and the obligations he owes me," *e.g.*, on Judge Murphy's request, Green arranged with the Army to have Murphy's G.I. son transferred from Germany to Paris, plus the fact that, as Green heavily pointed out, both he and Judge Murphy are Irish Roman Catholics.

Thus it is clear, summed up Green, leaning on the comments of a handy Philadelphia psychiatrist, that "gratitude for past help" leads both to "hostility toward the helper, because it arouses a sense of dependency on the helper which is resented," and also to a "desire to re-

ciprocate." At week's end, Congressman Green still had hopes of forcing Old Friend Murphy off the case. If he succeeded, there would be one other problem: What if the next judge is an Old Foe?

THE ADMINISTRATION

Budget Boss

Resigned last week: Percival F. (for Flack) Brundage, 65, earnest, tightfisted director of the Budget Bureau since April 1956. Lest it be concluded that his quitting was prompted by disagreement with the Eisenhower Administration's handling of the recession, Percy Brundage, in his letter to the President, explained that "my immediate predecessors set an example of resigning after a few years to give opportunity for administration to others with a fresh viewpoint. Since I have now served somewhat longer than either of them [*i.e.*, Joseph Dodge, Rowland Hughes] and since I must attend to some personal matters that have been neglected, I am submitting my resignation."

Into Brundage's post went his deputy, Minnesota-born Maurice Hubert Stans, 50, onetime executive partner in the Chicago accounting firm of Alexander Grant & Co., who cheerfully took an 80% salary cut to go to work in Washington at \$17,500 a year, was Post Office Department financial troubleshooter before he signed up with the Budget Bureau last September. The big job ahead for Maurice Stans: preparing for the budget year beginning July 1959 without knowing whether he can count on boom or bust.

GEORGIA

Revolt of the Cities

For 60 years, populous Atlanta (331,314) has been frustrated by Georgia's archaic county-unit system, which keeps Democratic primaries and therefore state government firmly under the thumb of county woolfaths. Four times suits to abolish the system have been instituted; each fizzled before the Supreme Court. Last week Atlanta's plucky Mayor William B. Hartsfield launched a determined fifth try. As Private Citizen Hartsfield, the mayor filed a Federal Court suit protesting that while Atlanta's Fulton County (pop. 473,572) contains 14% of Georgia's population, the county-unit system allows it only 1 1/2% of the state's voting power and is thereby discriminatory and unconstitutional.

Under the system,* statewide primaries are decided not by popular vote but by the number of unit votes for each candidate. The 121 least populous of Georgia's 159 counties cast two unit votes, the next 30 have four votes and the eight most populous counties have six votes. The candidate who wins a county's popular vote plurality also wins all its unit votes; the candidate with the most unit votes wins the primary. Under such a system a candidate can trail in popular votes and

* Pennsylvania's Senator Joe Clark.

* The county-unit system is used in only one other state, Maryland.

be elected. In 1946, for instance, red-gallus Gene Talmadge lost the popular vote to Opponent James V. Carmichael, 297,245 to 313,389, beat Carmichael in unit votes, 242 to 146, thereby won a fourth term as governor.

Few Georgians expect Bill Hartsfield to have better success than earlier pleaders. But Georgians do believe that the county-unit system will eventually be defeated. The state's population is flowing from farm to city; growing cities—Macon, Augusta, Savannah, etc.—are beginning to suffer what Atlanta has suffered for 60 years at the hands of county legislators. When the cities agitate together, the wool-hats' reign may be doomed at last.

POLITICAL NOTES

The Californians

The political wagon train led by California's Republican Governor Goodwin J. Knight has been beset by more breakdowns in recent months than a three-wheeled buckboard in a spring thaw. First off, Goodie, who wanted badly to run again for governor, was knocked off his seat by Senate Minority Leader Big Bill Knowland, who, with the support of Deadeye Dick Nixon, overran the Knight riders with big guns and big ambitions. Goodie thereupon picked himself up and allowed as how, on second thought, he would just as soon head East for Bill Knowland's seat in the U.S. Senate.

Rounding up Republican support for the primary election was something else again: Knight struggled for weeks against the growing power of San Francisco's G.O.P. Mayor George Christopher, who had his eyes set for the Senate, too. Last week in San Jose, at the showdown before the quasi-official Republican state assembly convention, Goodie took a handy edge toward full endorsement by the party for the primaries: the assembly's fact-

finding committee handed him the whip by a vote of 29 to 7; all that remained was support by full vote of the entire assembly.

But hard-riding George Christopher was not about to hang up his hardware. After the fact-finding committee gave Goodie the nod, Christopher unleashed his pistols, accused Knight supporters of circulating literature of "such a low grade" as to be "vulgar and wholly un-American." It was, he said, a case of "bigotry" and "insipid intolerance." The literature included a pamphlet entitled "The Odyssey of George Christopher," and somehow Christopher took it to be a slur on his Greek ancestry. What it did do was trace Christopher's switches in party registration—from Republican to Progressive to Democratic to Republican—since 1930. Said Christopher, whom the pamphlet labeled "Weathervane George": Goodie Knight directly approved the contents of the pamphlet.

"Ridiculous," cried Knight, who claimed that he never saw the pamphlet before last week. "I find it farfetched and fantastic to read anything into it other than the fact that several party registration switches were involved." By week's end it was clear that Christopher's charges had not hurt Goodie's chances at all: he won the full convention's endorsement, 109 to 44.

AMERICANA

Ritual

In the Colorado farm town of Longmont (pop. 14,500), as in most such places in the U.S. farm belts, Saturday night used to be the liveliest night of the week, as farm families drove into town for the week's big ritual: shopping and gossiping.

Last week Longmont decided to end its big Saturday night. Thanks to mechanization on the farms and better roads, farm families no longer save Saturday night for the old ritual; they have more time, can shop more frequently. To Chamber of Commerce members, the proof was plain enough: Saturday-night business has been dropping regularly for years. Henceforth, Longmont stores will stay open on Wednesday night for late shoppers, close early on Saturday night. Said a C. of C. member: "It was strictly a matter of yielding to the agrarian revolution and the tempo of our times." Added a farmer wistfully: "It was a great institution, and I'm sorry it's gone."

Virtue's Reward

No aged millionaire ever had more solicitous relatives than cantankerous Texan James Sexton, who controlled 378 oil wells and owned 9,000 acres in cattle ranches. The relatives—a sister and four nieces—felt entitled to be watchful, for at 70, James Sexton was acting kind of ornery. That was four years ago, when he was staying at the Cleburne rest home operated by Mrs. Agnes Kirk, then 36. There, one day, he showed his appreciation to Mrs. Kirk by handing her a check



Cleburne Times-Review

NURSE KIRK

Where there's a will, there's a reason.

for \$100,000, showed his affection for her, as well, by getting muscally amorous. Mrs. Kirk fended him off. Then the relatives stepped in: they stopped payment on the check, withdrew Sexton from the rest home, registered him in another.

James Sexton never forgot his relatives. When he died at 74 early this month, he left a dollar-packed will. To his favorite Cleburne restaurant owner, Bessie Richardson (specialty: black-eyed peas), he left \$1,000, and to his attorney he willed \$10,000. The rest of his estate went to his relatives and an old friend: \$100 apiece to his nieces and sister, \$5,000,000 or so to Agnes Kirk.

TAXES

Accounts Deceivable

A much-kneaded ball of dough on the U.S. breadboard is the expense account. Suspicious that thousands of people collect more than a few crumbs with every outlay for business expenses, the U.S. Internal Revenue Service decided to try to police a longstanding rule that taxpayers report the excess of reimbursements over expenses. Last year IRS put a line on the 1957 tax form for reporting reimbursed expenses, hastily gave taxpayers a year's moratorium after a howl rocked the very foundation of expense-accountland, sent martini glasses quivering from Manhattan's gay "21" restaurant to Los Angeles' sporty Romanoff's.

Last week IRS quieted things again by developing a newer, more sensible proposal for the future: only the taxpayers who draw expense money and do not have to account to employers for expenses must report the facts and figures on their income tax returns. Those who do settle up with employers can go on as always, living a way of life that enables a man to support himself in the style to which his employer has become accustomed.



United Press

CANDIDATE CHRISTOPHER

Where there's shell, there's shot.

HIGHWAYS

The Great Uprooting

Once upon a time there lived in Inglewood, Calif. an earnest young man wallet-deep in difficulties. The young man had lost his \$140-a-week welder's job, his wife had been ill and he owed hospital bills. Mortgage payments were due on the \$9,300 house he had bought three months earlier, and the bank was prepared to foreclose. Then up popped the young man's fairy godmother in the bureaucratic guise of the California Division of Highways. Negotiators informed him that the San Diego Freeway was headed through his living room. Twenty days before the bank was to take the house, the State of California paid \$10,999 for it. The young man saved his \$600 equity and recovered the \$700 he had spent on a patio. He satis-

go, rumor is confirmed by the appearance of a smiling but noncommittal appraiser, who scrutinizes each parcel of property along the right of way and then disappears. Next comes the negotiator, who operates shrewdly and by a well-tested procedure.

Good negotiators know from experience that each small cluster of homes has one householder who is regarded as the pace-setter of the neighborhood. Negotiator's rule of thumb: find the key man, sign him and his neighbors will follow suit. But property owners have their code too. Few ever admit to satisfaction with the appraisal; all complain, often with justification, that intangibles are involved that the state never takes into consideration.

Chicago Paper Manufacturer Paul Butler surrendered 230 of his 3,800 acres for

mated \$500,000 a year in taxes. Because of the tax loss, Hazel Crest schools have had to postpone plans for kindergartens and broader art, music and physical education courses. The tollway has also generated new expenses. Children who formerly walked four blocks to school now have to be carried by bus 2½ miles because of the tollway's limited access—and the school district has to foot the bill for the buses.

Proper Planning. Unlike Hazel Crest, Wilmington, Mass. (pop. 11,000) is delighted that Highway 93 pierces the town. Almost at the rumor stage, Wilmington four years ago began to plan for the highway, is prepared now to enjoy its benefits. The town used to lie 45 minutes from Boston by car over snaky roads; super-highway travel time is 20 minutes. Wilmington as a result is becoming a Boston



THE NEW ENGLAND THRUWAY SLICING THROUGH NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y.
Along the path of progress, pain and problems.

Tammy Weber

fied his debts, found another house, landed a new job, and as far as the highways department is concerned, lived happily ever after.

As the nation is ripped and razed, leveled and linked with freeways, toll roads and a 41,000-mile, \$40 billion interstate highway system that represents the greatest road-building program ever undertaken, hundreds of thousands of U.S. citizens are having their lives abruptly changed—but not always with the gentle touch of a fairy godmother. Cities and towns are slashed up the middle. Quiet neighborhoods become the home of screeching tires and carbon monoxide; farmlands are sliced into pieces that can no longer be economically worked. The uprooted may agree with Seattle Art Dealer Zoe Dusanne, whose home and gallery overlooking Lake Union will soon disappear before the Everett-Seattle-Tacoma Freeway. Says she: "I'm a great believer in progress. But what a pity progress has to cost so much."

Polo & Fruit Trees. The typical U.S. highway invasion begins with rumor. After engineers agree on where the road will

the Northern Illinois Toll Highway, including fox-hunting runs and part of one of his eleven polo fields. He got \$2,000,000, considered that hardly adequate for a stretch of choice land. In the Los Angeles suburb of Westchester, Aircraft Mechanic Roger Ransom will probably lose the back tenth of his lot to the San Diego Freeway. He has been offered \$900, considers that hardly adequate for the spot where his orchard was going to grow. Some 15 miles west of Santa Rosa, N.Mex., on widening Highway 66, Moises Lucero lost the bar, gas station and dancehall which he bought seven years ago with his life savings as a ranch hand. Small Businessman Lucero demanded \$60,000, got \$40,000, laments: "Where can I buy another home and business like this for \$40,000?"

Municipal Matters. The march of the highways is not always a boon to the small town. Hazel Crest, Ill. (pop. 4,000) has been pierced by the new Tri-State Tollway and would prefer not to have been. Reason: the town already has one of Illinois' highest tax rates and lowest school budgets. The tollway removes from the rolls property that brought an esti-

bedroom. To handle the growth, the town's seven-member planning commission drew up tight zoning laws and a town meeting speedily approved them. Proper planning has already produced a bonus. Impressed by Wilmington's farsightedness, Avco Manufacturing Co. (electronics, aircraft engines, missile nose cones) is building there a \$15 million laboratory that will employ 3,000 and provide an additional \$180,000 in taxes.

From its very beginning, the history of the U.S. is a record of change and of movement; the mark of the American people has become their remarkable ability to adjust to the demands of change and to roll with the movement. Nowhere last week was the common aptitude better stated than in Woburn, Mass., where Gas Station Owner Joe Hanson was moving his house an eighth of a mile and building a new gas station to accommodate a wider, smoother, brighter, speedier Route 93. Said Joe Hanson: "I'm sure I'll get a fair deal from the state. I won't be compensated for my inconvenience. But I'll end up with a better business. I'll live in a better community. Things will be all right after it's all over."

FOREIGN NEWS

SEATO

Mature Four-Year-Old

When John Foster Dulles' plane rolled up onto the ramp at Manila's International Airport, a strong wind sent a gust of oil flying from the inbound port engine. It spattered across the welcoming committee of U.S. Admiral Felix Stump, in natty whites, Ambassador Charles ("Chip") Bohlen, in a white sharkskin suit, a dozen newsmen. Said a bystander: "They suddenly looked like they'd gotten measles."

Next day, at the opening of the fourth annual SEATO Council, a spatter of trouble briefly threatened to mar the shining anti-Communist surface of the eight-nation South East Asia Treaty Organization.* Pakistan's Mozaffar Ali Khan Qizilbash briskly demanded more U.S. aid, implied that his country might turn to the Soviet Union if its demands were not met. He warned: "Distinction must be made between friends and those who sit on the fence. While the latter are the recipients of large-scale aid from both Communist and Western countries, the former have to depend on their allies alone." More moderately, the Philippines' President Carlos Garcia and Thailand's Prince Wan Waitayakorn echoed the Pakistan representative's plea for "more."

Dulles was polite but firmly realistic. In combatting the spread of Communism

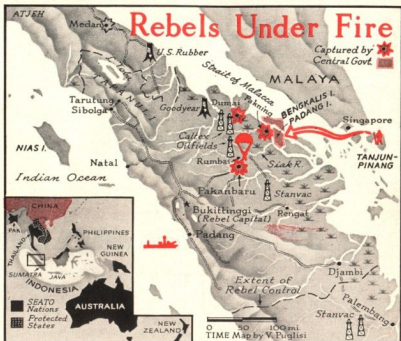
* Britain, France, Thailand, the Philippines, Pakistan, Australia, New Zealand, and the U.S. Cambodia, Laos and South Viet Nam are not members, but SEATO is pledged to protect them against aggression.



REBEL HUSEIN

"Mucha música," but little action.

Associated Press



throughout the world, said Dulles in closed session, the U.S. has only a limited amount of money. This sometimes meant that funds which might have gone to friendly nations were better spent in helping uncommitted nations struggling to maintain their independence. He pointed out that the SEATO area received over \$600 million in U.S. grants and loans last year.

Most acute concern was Indonesia. If the Communists capture Indonesia politically, Communism will have leaptfrogged the SEATO line of defense on the Asian mainland. But Dulles was anxious to avoid any charge of SEATO interference in Indonesia's affairs. The final communiqué only stated pointedly that "there was particular danger arising from some non-Communist governments failing to distinguish between the aims and ideals of the free world and the purposes of international Communism."

Moscow had greeted the SEATO conference with its standard warning to SEATO's Asian members that nuclear bases on their soil would expose them to "powerful retaliatory blows." It was a measure of SEATO's maturity, in its fourth year, that no member felt it necessary to reply.

INDONESIA

Island War

In the first light of dawn, the sleepy Siak River town of Pekanbaru was awakened by the tumultuous honking and crying of thousands of disturbed jungle birds. Swarms of Sumatran fireflies, which travel in whirling galaxies resembling slowly moving fireballs, abruptly vanished. Then

came the snarl of planes as a flight of old, U.S.-made F-51s swept in to strafe the shacks and hangars of Simpang Tiga airstrip, six miles southwest of town. After them came 16 lumbering transport planes; as they passed overhead, the sun-streaked sky blossomed with silken parachutes that brought 200 paratroopers to earth.

Troops & Surrender. As easily as that, the Indonesian government last week regained control of Pekanbaru, the heart of the U.S.-owned Caltex oilfields. The rebel commander, Major Sjamsi Nurdin, and his 800 troops were taken completely by surprise. Even worse, the rebels had cleared the airstrip of oil drums only the day before, to enable trucks to pick up guns and ammunition dropped by a four-engine plane of unidentified nationality.

The government forces captured a rebel arms cache—75 bazookas, three recoilless guns, twelve machine guns—described as being of "American manufacture." By noon, transport planes had built up the government's force to 500 men. Rebel Major Nurdin, after a few token exchanges of fire, retreated westward in good order toward Padang.

Earlier in the week, government landing parties had seized control of islands dotting the mouth of the Siak River, and captured the oil terminus of Dumai. On Bengkalis Island a rebel platoon watched interestedly as an army transport steamed leisurely up to the dock like an excursion steamer, tied up, and disgorged a file of government troops who snuntered down the gangplank like tourists. The rebel platoon leader surrendered and everyone sat down and had tea.

Hundreds of U.S. and European employees of the oil companies were herded

protectively into company compounds, but it was hard to say what they were being protected from. "*Mucha música pero poca ópera*," said a grizzled engineer, quoting the old Nicaraguan proverb: Lots of noise but little action. Although most of the \$125 million worth of oil installations had been prudently shut down several days before the invasion, one U.S. contracting company, disregarding the war, kept right at work on a road and pipeline linking the oilfields with the seacoast. Caltex announced that, with government permission, it would resume operations this week.

First Allies. Across the mountainous spinal column of Sumatra, the rebel colonels holed up around Padang and Bukittinggi and breathed defiance. Rebel Premier Sjafruddin cried that if Sukarno "were now in our midst, he would be hanged as a war criminal." The rebel radio charged that Sukarno had been a Communist since 1955. Posters and wall signs denounced Sukarno as a murderer, an immoral man and worse. Rebel Colonel Ahmad Husein, who is apparently acting as overall military commander, broadcast somewhat superfluously that "from this moment on, we do not recognize Sukarno as President of the Indonesian Republic."

But though the rebels had done badly in their first battle with government troops, there was evidence that Pekanbaru might be a Pyrrhic victory for Sukarno. Aroused by the government invasion of their Sumatran homeland, other commanders opted for the rebels. A North Sumatran regiment stationed at Tarutung chased its Djakarta-appointed commander out of town; in Medan, the largest city in Sumatra, U.S.-trained Major Boyk Nangolan led the garrison in a revolt against Sukarno, seized the airfield and drove the few loyalist troops out of the city. In the far north of the island, the always pugacious Atjehnese were reported on the brink of declaring for the rebel cause; in South Sumatra the ruling Colonel Barlian was being heavily pressured by his junior officers to come out for the rebels.

Mixed Confidence. President Sukarno, in Djakarta, seemed cockily confident that the rebels were doomed. He cordially welcomed newly appointed U.S. Ambassador Howard P. Jones, assured him that he "did not take back a word" of all the good things he had had to say about the U.S. on his American visit two years ago.* But a few days later, Sukarno was barnstorming through East Java and Celebes, warning troubled crowds that unnamed "foreign powers" were backing the rebels in an attempt to drag Indonesia into one of the world blocs. Since the rebels are stoutly anti-Communist, it was clear that Sukarno was not referring to the Soviets.

At week's end Sukarno viewed a mas-

sive parade in D'arkarta in which Indonesia's red-and-white flag was flanked by dozens of huge Communist banners. Workers of the Communist-run SOBSI labor federation gave Sukarno the clenched-fist salute as they marched past, but Bung Karno, who is becoming increasingly a prisoner of Communist support, neither smiled nor returned the salute. Sukarno delivered an impassioned speech to 75,000 followers at the Merdeka Palace, denouncing Sumatra's rebel colonels as traitors, crying: "If the common people stay imbued with the revolutionary spirit, the counter-revolution in Sumatra will be bulldozed!" The crowd cried for more, but after 20 minutes of demagoguery, Bung Karno begged off. "Frankly," he said, "I'm tired."

WESTERN EUROPE

The Big Binge

IS CAROLINA ON YOUR MIND? cried the headline in the *Tory Daily Mail*.

The nuclear bomb that fell in Florence, S.C. (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) had produced only a low-order explosion in the U.S., but it brought megaton repercussions in Britain. The Labor press broke into "we-told-you-so" editorials. Even the Conservative *Daily Sketch* had a suggestion about the H-bomb: "Keep it. But keep it on the ground."

The mishap in South Carolina fed fires already raging. By unhappy coincidence, Nikita Khrushchev chose this moment to write Bertrand Russell a 9,000-word letter attacking U.S. Secretary Dulles' stand on

COLONIALISM AND THE U.S.

FROM the sandy wastes of North Africa to the lush rain forests of Southeast Asia, the winds of anti-colonialism blow with gale force, and wherever they blow, there is resentment and suspicion of the U.S. "The U.S.," says an Indonesian, "sides with the Western colonial powers and has not done enough in liberating Afro-Asian countries." Among Tunisians a once unalloyed admiration for the U.S. is giving way to the impatience voiced by President Habib Bourguiba: "Without U.S. financial aid, France could not continue her war of repression in Algeria. In our eyes this makes you an accomplice of France." In Athens a Greek politician, angered by U.S. refusal to intervene in the Cyprus quarrel, hotly declared: "No government which sincerely loves freedom can choose neutrality in a matter where freedom is at issue."

Until the end of World War II, U.S. leadership in the struggle against colonialism was universally acknowledged, and the U.S. record spoke for itself. Woodrow Wilson, leader of the first onetime colony to win independence of Europe in modern times, raised "self-determination of peoples" as a standard to which native leaders everywhere could repair. In World War II, President Franklin Roosevelt so harried Churchill about Britain's colonial possessions that during one wartime conference Churchill cried: "Mr. President, I believe you are trying to do away with the British Empire." In 1942 when Sir Stafford Cripps unsuccessfully tried to reach a settlement with India's nationalists, a U.S. representative took part in the negotiations—a step which, together with Roosevelt's constant prodding of the British, encouraged Gandhi and Nehru in their fight, thereby hastened the independence of India and Pakistan.

Armed with France's written pledge to give independence to Syria and Lebanon, F.D.R. in 1945 assured Saudi Arabia's Ibn Saud that he would back the Syrians

and Lebanese by all means short of outright force. And during the Casablanca Conference Roosevelt insisted on dining with Morocco's Sultan Mohammed ben Youssef, then subject to France, pointedly told the Sultan: "A sovereign government should retain considerable control over its own resources." Most Frenchmen date the Sultan's stubborn drive toward ultimate independence from that day.

MORE THAN HALF

The chorus of disapproval that portrays the U.S. as a bastion of imperialism erupted after World War II. It has been assiduously fostered by the propaganda mills of Russia, the greatest postwar imperialist of them all. Yet since World War II, 20 Afro-Asian ex-colonies, inhabited by more than 700 million people, have achieved independence, and more than half of them owe their liberation, at least in part, to the U.S. items:

THE PHILIPPINES. The only large and economically important colony ever held by the U.S. got its independence, according to prewar promise, on July 4, 1946. (Puerto Rico, offered independence, chose to remain tied to the U.S. as a semi-autonomous "commonwealth.")

INDO-CHINA. While supporting France's military effort against the Communist imperialism in Southeast Asia, the U.S. gently but steadily pressured the French toward the grant of full independence that South Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia finally got—almost too late—in 1954.

INDONESIA. In 1949, after The Netherlands, in defiance of continual admonitions from the Truman Administration, persisted in its efforts to reconquer Indonesia, the U.S. Senate laid the cards on the table with a bill calling for suspension of economic aid to any nation whose conduct was "inconsistent . . . with the character of the U.N." Between such threats and the on-the-spot diplomacy of Merle Cochran, later first U.S. Ambassador in

* The Indonesian Foreign Ministry announced that all *TIME* and *LIFE* correspondents were barred from the country; *TIME*'s March 10 issue, containing the Sukarno cover story, was banned—but only after it had appeared on newsstands and sold out.

disarmament. This letter, published in the left-wing *New Statesman*, warned that "one absurd incident" involving a bomb-carrying plane could spread "horrible death," touch off a world war.

Shadow of Doomsday. Just such an incident was the theme of J. B. Priestley's antiwar melodrama called *Doomsday for Dyson*, which millions of Britons saw over TV. At Birmingham University a student "peace committee" put on a showing of the film, *The Shadow of Hiroshima*. The press reported daily the progress of a survey being made of university students by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. Though the results were hardly conclusive—"e.g., only 1,330 out of London University's 24,000 students even bothered to answer the questionnaire—the press gave

the distinct impression that those who favored banning the bomb, missile bases and arming patrol planes with H-bombs definitely had the edge.

Viscount Hailsham, Tory leader in the House of Lords and sometime (1929) president of the Oxford Union, sternly denounced this sort of "government by undergraduate resolution," compared it to the pacifist days of 1933 when the Union overwhelmingly voted that "this House will in no circumstances fight for its King and Country." As for the suggestion that Britain should unilaterally forswear atomic weapons, he pointed out that only the U.S. and Russia are major atomic powers. "When you are running third in a race, you cannot, by giving up, give what is called a moral lead."

Cloak for Timidity. The London *Times* insisted that the South Carolina dud merely proved that the dangers of radiation from such an accident were "practically negligible." In Parliament, 100 Conservative M.P.s submitted a motion rejecting "any proposal to renounce unilaterally the use of nuclear arms while sheltering behind the protection of the American deterrent." Snapped Prime Minister Macmillan: "I can admire those who advocate a pacifist approach to these problems. But I do not respect timidity under the cloak of spiritual feelings."

"Keep it up—we're winning," cried the Laborite weekly *Tribune*. "Now Germans join great campaign!" Last week 40 prominent West German politicians, trade un-

The Conflict of Ideal v. Reality

Djakarta, the Dutch were goaded into the negotiations that ended in a free Indonesia. Though few Indonesians realize it—and fewer still feel any appreciation—Secretary of State John Foster Dulles was speaking the simple truth when he declared that the Indonesian Republic "came into being in large part as a result of the interest of the United States that a republic should be founded."

MIDDLE EAST. When the Egyptians in 1951 launched a campaign of terrorism to drive British forces out of the Suez Canal Zone, the U.S. made clear that its sympathies lay with Egypt. Long after the British finally gave way in 1954 to Egypt's demands, Sir Anthony Eden grumbled that the negotiations had been vastly complicated by the fact each time a settlement seemed near, U.S. Ambassador Jefferson Caffery had urged Egypt's Nasser to demand better terms. Two years later, when Britain and France set out to reoccupy the Canal Zone by force, the U.S. publicly repudiated its two oldest and closest allies, in a demonstration of devotion to principle perhaps unique in diplomatic annals.

A QUESTION OF CREDIT

Despite such a record, the U.S. earned small thanks in Afro-Asian countries. Why does it find itself portrayed, by such disparate men as Nasser and Nehru, as a covert aider and abettor of imperialism? Didard Colonel Blimps—British, French and American—retort that such "ingratitude" simply proves the folly of "appeasing" the Afro-Asian world. The real answers are more complicated.

¶ Nations newly emerged from colonial status are irritated by U.S. unwillingness to support their every aspiration, however unrealistic. Many somehow expected that independence would bring with it the material blessings they had always lacked, and blamed the U.S. when it proved unable to provide them.

¶ The U.S. has made mistakes. In Indonesia, judging from the chaos that now reigns there, the U.S. may well have thrown its weight on the side of independence too soon; in Algeria it is arguable that out of deference to France the U.S. has held its hand too long. By refusal even to discuss eventual re-establishment of Japanese civil government in strategic Okinawa, the Pentagon has needlessly fed Asian distrust of the U.S.

¶ The U.S. has suffered from a propaganda failure. Despite a national obsession with "good public relations," no U.S. Administration has ever found a means of capitalizing on its anti-colonialism in Asia and Africa without bitterly antagonizing the colonial powers of Europe.

THE LOST WAND

Overriding all others is the new fact that leadership of the free world has thrust upon the U.S. responsibilities and commitments that neither Roosevelt nor Wilson ever confronted. Ten years ago most U.S. citizens could share the traditional American concept of colonialism as unrelieved oppression and exploitation. Today's U.S. leaders are aware that colonialism has often been an instrument of progress, that the world's problems cannot be solved by simply taking an anti-colonial stand in every circumstance.

If Britain subjugated the Gold Coast, it was also Britain that transformed the Gold Coast from a geographical expression into a nation; if Englishmen grew rich off Malaya, they also introduced to Malaya the rubber and tin industries that lifted it out of a feudal economy, gave its inhabitants their first glimpses of the economic well-being they are now demanding in an underdeveloped nation.

Nor has Wilson's appealing formula—self-determination for everybody—proved the magic wand that it once appeared. The cry of self-determination offers no solution to the problem of West Iran,

where Indonesia and The Netherlands are disputing the mastery of savage peoples who have no ties with either the Javanese or the Dutch, yet are incapable of developing and ruling a nation in the modern world. It is scarcely any more helpful in Cyprus, where straightforward recourse to a plebiscite might well bring Greece and Turkey into an armed conflict that would destroy NATO's Eastern wing.

Here, as in many another area, U.S. idealism has been brought face to face with an unpalatable truth: when self-determination conflicts with the overriding U.S. objective of preserving the free world from Communist conquest, both expediency and good conscience dictate that self-determination must take second place. For unless the tide of Communism is contained, the world's dependent peoples will lose even the freedom to cry for freedom.

PAEANS & PAINS

Responsible for the free world as it is and not as the U.S. would like it to be, the U.S. cannot indulge in the slogans or the ringing declarations that are possible to those who can demand what is desirable only because they are not charged with doing what is possible. That possibility was best formulated more than a year and a half ago by John Foster Dulles: "I believe that the role of the U.S. is to try to see that that [anti-colonial] process moves forward in a constructive, evolutionary way, and does not either come to a halt or take a violent revolutionary turn . . . I suspect that the U.S. will find that its role . . . will be to try to aid that process without identifying itself 100% either with the so-called colonial powers or with the powers which are primarily and uniquely concerned with the problem of getting their independence as rapidly as possible."

Such a policy will earn few paeans of gratitude, will expose the U.S. to an incessant and painful barrage of criticism from both Europe and Afro-Asian countries. But in the long sweep of history, it may be the best hope of building a world order based on freedom and justice.



EXERTIONIST TYNAN
"Spinach."

Larry Burrows

ionists, professors, authors and theologians issued a proclamation demanding that the government keep out of any atomic armament race and "support all efforts for an atom-free zone in Europe." Next week the committee called "Fight Against Atomic Death," composed of Socialists and Evangelical churchmen, will make its public debut with a mass rally in Frankfurt. As in Britain, the Florence bomb proved a windfall to the cause, and Hamburg's *Bild-Zeitung* nervously asked whether American planes were flying A-bombs over West Germany. The question got a big play—far bigger than the U.S. Air Force's answer: "No."

GREAT BRITAIN

Sloane Square Stomp

Britain's Angry Young Men fell to fisticuffs last week. Named from 27-year-old John Osborne's play *Look Back in Anger*, they are a group of young firebrands of exhibitionist bent who have been rattling London's literary teacup, with dozens of short-tempered novels, plays, films and reviews, all of which have said one thing loud and clear: they are fed to the teeth with the state of both the British Empire and British letters.

Last fall eight of the most articulate Angries announced their own credos in a noisy manifesto called "Declaration." The manifesto revealed that the group was not a group at all, but split fair in two over the artist's ancient agonizer: whether to save the world by his exertions or by his example. Half, led by Osborne, Movie man Lindsay Anderson, 35, and Drama Critic Ken Tynan, 31, said artists must "take an interest in social environment—and that means politics." The rest, spearheaded by Existentialist Colin (*The Outsider*) Wilson, 25, insisted that politics is for common people, that salvation must first be found by searching the soul.

Play As Prologue. Last week the battle was joined at Sloane Square's Royal Court Theatre, a small auditorium where advanced people gather to witness advanced plays. The current offering was *The Tenth Chance*, a first play by 25-year-old Stuart Holroyd, about a Norwegian resistance leader in World War II. By the middle of the last act, Holroyd's agnostic hero was beginning to find God in the extremity of his suffering at the hands of Nazi torturers. Up stood Christopher Logue, 31, a leftist poet passionately engaged in the campaign to ban the bomb in Britain, and shouted: "Oh, rubbish!" A moment later Novelist Elaine Tynan, Critic Tynan's pretty blonde American wife, got up and stomped out with Logue.

Art As Action. As soon as the curtain rang down, Colin Wilson buttonholed Tynan, hissed: "Tell your friend to keep his filthy mouth closed or we'll get him." "Stay out of my life, Wilson," growled Tynan and pushed past to join his wife and Logue in the pub next door. They were barely seated when the door burst open, and in poured the Exemplars. Scattering longhairs and spilling beers, Wilson, Holroyd, Playwright Michael (*Yes—and After*) Hastings, 20, Novelist Bill (*The Divine and the Decay*) Hopkins, 29, and their partisans pushed up to the Exerionists' table. "I'll crush you with my Daimler," screeched Holroyd's wife Ann, who is rich and has one. Wilson grabbed Logue by the hair and shoved him to the floor.

"The next thing I could hear," said Logue later, "was Wilson shouting 'Stand up, Logue, stand up, Logue,' in the true, lower-middle-class English fashion." Wilson flailed wildly at Tynan. "You deliberately tried to sabotage the play," he



EXEMPLAR WILSON
"Sabotage."

Terence Le Goubin

shouted, "I'll stamp you out, Tynan. Literature isn't big enough for both of us."

Just as the bartender moved in to break it up, Tynan leveled a long finger at Wilson. "There's your supposed leader, your younger generation," he cried. "He's a dictator. He reminds me of the Oswald Mosley meetings before the war." "Terrific!" roared John Osborne. "A row like this is just what I've been looking for." Explained Logue later: "I objected to the philosophical statement, implied in every line, that we must suffer, that attempts to check, alter, reform, change our sufferings are impudence."

Next day the critics panned *The Tenth Chance*. "Sadistic spinach," said Tynan in his column in the *Sunday Observer*.

IRAN

The Bereft Queen

In government offices and theaters all over Teheran last week, Queen Soraya's pictures were being taken down. Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi had reluctantly and sadly given in to his court advisers and ended their seven-year marriage by royal proclamation.

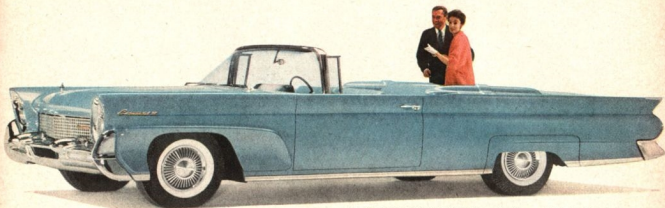
All week long, the Shah moped, according to courtiers. He had slept little for weeks. Four times he changed the wording of the announcement until it almost seemed as if it were she who was divorcing him. The final announcement was as apologetic as a Shah can be: "The Queen, forgetting her personal feelings as opposed to the nation's good, has made the decision . . . His Imperial Majesty, expressing his utmost regret, has renounced his personal feelings and with regard to the high interests of the nation has decided to end his marriage with Queen Soraya."

In Cologne, where she is visiting her father, the Iranian Ambassador to West Germany, childless Soraya said she was prepared to "sacrifice my own happiness"



EX-WIFE SORAYA
"Sacrifice."

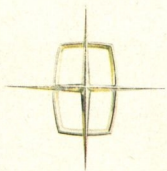
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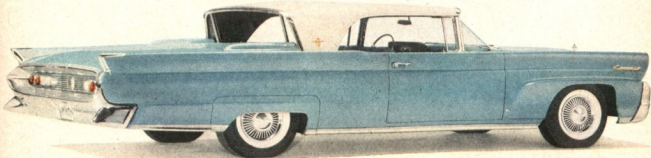
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because the Shah "considers it necessary that the constitutional monarchy be perpetuated through succession to the throne in a direct line of sons from generation to generation." As consolation, ex-Queen Soraya gets a \$67,000 settlement, an annual allowance of reportedly \$48,000 until she remarries, permanent possession of several million dollars' worth of jewelry bought for her by the Shah, and the honorary title of "Princess" to express the Shah's "appreciation of her sacrifices."

NORTH AFRICA

Tough Talk

From diminutive Tunisia last week came a brash ultimatum to the free world's two greatest powers. "The time has come," trumpeted Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba, "for the United States and Britain to choose between colonialism and freedom. Since these two countries, after the Sakiet bombing, requested us not to go before the U.N. Security Council, it is impossible for them not to take a stand in favor of the country which has been the victim of aggression and against the country which has been guilty of aggression."

Bourguiba even set a time limit within which Britain and the U.S. must agree to support Tunisia against France, "to prevent eyes from turning toward the Communist bloc or other countries." Announcing that he had canceled Tunisia's March 20 Independence Day ceremonies "because we are no longer convinced we are truly free," Bourguiba declared: "March 20 is the fatal day. By then we can see what direction we must take. If we cannot find the support of the West, I will be obliged to say that I have made a mistake."

The Face-Saver. Bourguiba's ultimatum, with its implicit threat that Tunisia would turn against the West unless he got his way, was an overt attempt at blackmail. And international blackmail is something which neither the U.S. nor Britain can afford to pay even once. Gloomily, many a chancellor and much of the world's press concluded that the three-week-old Anglo-American effort to mediate the quarrel between France and Tunisia was headed for failure.

Fact was that Bourguiba's tough talk seemed primarily designed to impress his countrymen. Having wisely led his people to assume that all French forces would be out of Tunisia by March 20, Bourguiba now apparently felt obliged to make a dramatic gesture to direct popular attention from the fact that the French have not budged. But scarcely had he delivered his face-saving blast when Tunisian diplomats in Washington hustled around to the State Department to explain that his speech did not really mean what it seemed to mean.

The Sticking Point. Determinedly discouraged, the U.S.'s "good offices" Representative Robert Murphy and his British partner, Middle East Expert Harold Beeley, last week continued to shuttle between Bourguiba and French Premier



NEGOTIATORS BEELEY, MURPHY & BOURGUIBA
For domestic consumption, international blackmail.

Kahia—Black Star

Félix Gaillard. By week's end the two "good officers" had brought France and Tunisia closer to an agreement than at any time since the bombing of Sakiet. Despite his loud public defiance of Tunisian demands, Gaillard had agreed in private to withdraw all French forces in Tunisia to the naval base of Bizerte, even to discuss the future status of Bizerte itself. The chief remaining sticking point was Tunisian insistence that any settlement must be accompanied by a general discussion of the Algerian war. The French, still clinging to the notion that Algeria is a purely domestic problem, flatly reject any such discussion.

This was a deadlock that diplomatic ingenuity could surely break—provided both Gaillard and Bourguiba controlled their apparent compulsion to put on occasional public displays of unruliness.

Doubtful Card

Fortnight ago, in the course of a debate on Algeria, Premier Félix Gaillard tentatively proposed a Western Mediterranean community of nations. It was more than a suggestion, and less than a plan, but the French government is serious about it.

Gaillard envisages the establishment of a Mediterranean alliance composed of Tunisia, Morocco, Libya, Spain, Italy, Britain and France. It would also include Algeria—as a part of France. Militarily, the proposed pact would be designed to defend North Africa against both Communism and Nasserism. Economically, it would offer its members the right to participate in development of the oil and mineral resources of the Sahara.

Some such scheme, argued Gaillard last week, "is one of the last cards we can play to keep the Arab countries on the Western side."

But, like other plausible-sounding French proposals, Gaillard's pact met many problems but not the crucial one,

the status of Algeria. Tunisia and Morocco need help to keep their unbalanced economies viable, and in the past have shown willingness to accept that aid from France. But because of their citizens' sympathy for the Algerian rebels, Tunisia and Morocco have been moving away from, not toward, France. It was hard to see how that trend could be reversed by the offer of a pact which would, in effect, force both governments to ratify permanent French control of Algeria. Speaking for Algerians, Tunisians and Moroccans alike, Morocco's semiofficial *Al Ahd Al Jadid* last week snapped: "The French proposition is an effort to turn attention away from the Algerian drama and to set a trap with the object of consolidating colonialism in North Africa on a new basis."

FRANCE

State of Impotence

For two hours last week the National Assembly of France was besieged in its own house. The cars of Deputies who tried to leave the Assembly building were stopped. When an occasional parliamentarian summoned up courage to step onto the balcony overlooking the square, he was greeted with cries: "A good bomb, that's what you bastards need." "Come down here, and we'll show you what we're made of." The rioters responsible for this humiliation of France's governing body: the men charged with maintaining law and order in Paris.

Like most of France's current troubles, the riot of Paris' police had its roots in the Algerian rebellion. In the past year Algerian gunmen have killed three Paris cops, wounded eleven more. Some 7,000 police coming off afternoon duty massed in the courtyard of Paris' grim, grey central police headquarters to protest the puny 25¢-an-hour "night risk allowance" intended to compensate them for the

extra dangers of patrolling the city's Algerian quarters. When the prefect of police refused to meet their representatives, 2,000 of the cops headed for the National Assembly.

There, blocking off the Concorde Bridge and the Quai d'Orsay, they stopped cars, bicycles and pedestrians, created one of the most monumental traffic jams yet seen in a city famed for monumental traffic jams. No one—neither their colleagues still on duty nor France's rifle-toting Republican Guard—made any attempt to disperse the rioting *flics*.

Inside the Chamber there was near pandemonium. Communists banged desks and shouted "Down with fascism" until the Speaker suspended debate. White-faced and shaking with rage, Premier Félix Gaillard berated Paris Prefect of Police André Lahillone for allowing the demonstration to take place.

The riot was one more demonstration of the declining authority of France's government. Gaillard fired Lahillone, but the Socialists were unappeased, angrily threatened to withdraw their support from the government unless Gaillard also dismissed Interior Minister Maurice Bourgès-Maunoury. "Where is the state?" moaned one Socialist leader. "And in what a state."

LEBANON

The Nearness of Nasser

Tiny, bustling Lebanon (pop. 1,500,000) is the most stable of all Arab countries, with sturdier traditions of literacy, representative government, religious tolerance and international trade than any of its neighbors. But the announcement of the Syrian-Egyptian union and President Nasser's dramatic visit to Damascus—only a two-hour drive from Beirut—has had an explosive effect among the

half of Lebanon's population who are Moslems. A delegation headed by ex-Premier Abdullah el Yafi, leader of the opposition, rushed to Damascus to call on Nasser and extend its congratulations. An estimated 100,000 Lebanese, about 10% of the little country's adult population, have made the trip since.

In a republic whose Christian Arabs dominate business life and whose Christian President Camille Chamoun, a Roman Catholic of the Maronite rite, has accepted the Eisenhower Doctrine, Moslems have become increasingly dominated by a persecution complex. Going to Damascus has become a deliberate act of defiance against the government of Chamoun and his 75-year-old, waterpipe-smoking Premier, Sami Solh. "O Chamoun, Lebanon must join the Arab Union!" chanted thousands of Lebanese last week in Damascus, as Nasser beamed down from his balcony. Replied Nasser: "As I see my brothers from sister Lebanon standing side by side with their brothers from the region of Syria and the region of Egypt, I feel I am witnessing the return of matters to their natural course. The artificial boundaries that have been put up between Arab countries by the imperialists cannot estrange us."

In the midst of this clamor, President Chamoun has apparently decided to try to change the constitution so as to run for a second term this fall. The Nasser sympathizers seized on this issue to bolster their cause. One night last week a gang of gunmen sneaked up on the President's summer residence, empty at this time of year, and riddled it with bullets. The government banned all demonstrations and ordered all pictures of Nasser pulled down. There was a brief Cabinet crisis, in which Premier Solh shuffled his ministers in a faintly propitiatory manner.

The outlook: the opposition may try to call out the street mobs in an attempt to destroy not only the Chamoun regime but Lebanon's pro-Western policy.

Even in stable Lebanon, the fever of Pan-Arabism that Nasser had loosed in the Middle East ran dangerous and strong. Said the newspaper *L'Orient*: "The country finds itself in a situation which literally calls for a war Cabinet—war for internal peace and order."

RUSSIA

The People's Trust

Across one-sixth of the world's land surface, the dictatorship of the Soviet proletariat campaigned for re-election last week on a platform of peace, bread, and four more years of all-out effort to "catch up with the West." In snowbound Lettish villages, in orange-scented Georgian watering places, in Uzbek desert oases, the same red-and-white signs marked the local "agitpunkt" campaign headquarters for the 1,364 unopposed candidates running for election to the Supreme Soviet. At rallies everywhere candidates, including the country's top bosses, blared campaign promises as if they really needed votes.

The Partly Full Dinner Pail. Old Campaigner Nikita Khrushchev addressed 14,000 constituents of his Moscow steel-mill district in Moscow's Luzhniki Sports Palace. "The Soviet people are a people of champions, a trail-blazing people," he proclaimed. "The trust of such a people is a great and lofty honor that must be repaid. I promise to make every effort to live up to the trust." Pointing with pride to Russia's peace-loving protestations, he viewed with alarm "the stubborn unwillingness of certain Western circles" to agree to a summit meeting at once. Khrushchev praised the "immense positive role" of his industrial reorganization, forecast that his "truly revolutionary plans" to turn over all state-owned tractors to collective farms will give Russian farmers their place in the sun, and promised houses enough for everybody in ten to twelve years.

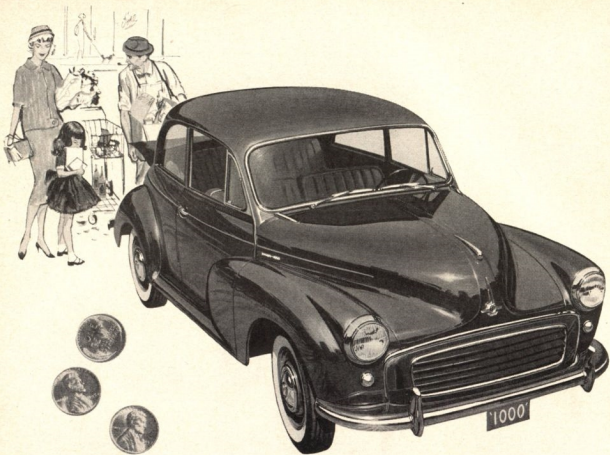
Sometimes he seemed to be running against the U.S. He pointed with ill-concealed glee to figures of U.S. unemployed, crowed that "the people see that the future belongs to the socialist world, which does away with all hardship." He scoffed at the members of the U.S. Congress as "all representatives of large capital, no real workers or farmers," asserted (with a pre-election confidence possible only to dictatorships) that the new Supreme Soviet will include 44% factory or collective-farm workers. It will also include 26% women, he said, as against 3% women in the U.S. Congress. "There are no two ways about it," he concluded. "Only socialism brings true freedom."

Pravda's Straws. Since Khrushchev's socialism does not include freedom to choose, few Russians sat up listening for late returns on the balloting as 130 million eligible voters went to the polls this week. Students of the tides of power were more interested in *Pravda's* pre-



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election compilations of how many election districts nominated various Kremlin leaders as their candidates. In the past Stalin's name had led all the rest, 1957's score for Presidium members:

Khrushchev	223
Voroshilov	79
Mikoyan	59
Bulgakin	15
Pervukhin	1

Ex-Five-Year-Planner Mikhail Pervukhin, who voted against Khrushchev during last June's leadership showdown, was shipped off even before the elections to be Soviet Ambassador to East Germany. Question for Premier Bulganin, who also guessed wrong last summer: If one nomination meant East Germany, what did 15 portend?

INDIA

Steel-Stemmed Lotus

In India nearly every political discussion sooner or later ends in the same question: Who will take over when 68-year-old Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru passes from the scene? Last week Indians got a strong hint on how Nehru himself proposes to answer the question. To replace hapless T. T. Krishnamachari, forced out of office by a scandal over government misuse of insurance funds (TIME, March 3), Nehru chose as his Finance Minister 62-year-old Morarji Desai, who was Minister of Commerce and Industry.

Desai is a paradoxical figure whom most Westerners—and not a few Indians—find hard to understand. An outwardly placid man, Desai devoutly copies all the personal habits of Mahatma Gandhi. He is a vegetarian, fasts 36 hours every week, generally drinks nothing but water—although at a party, to get into the spirit of things, he will sometimes take coconut milk. His views on sexual continence are so rigid that he once boasted that he had not had relations with his wife for 20 years. Almost alone among India's leading politicians, he has never traveled abroad. Chief reason: he is opposed to "injections of foreign substances into the body," i.e., inoculations.

Penholders & Prohibition. For all his other-worldly air, Morarji Desai has been described by fellow Indians as "a lotus with a steel stem." The son of a struggling schoolteacher, he was well started on a brilliant civil-service career under the British when he resigned his job to join Gandhi's independence movement in 1930. Of the 17 years between his resignation and India's independence, Desai spent more than six in British prisons. With independence, he emerged as Congress Party strongman in Bombay State, won a reputation as a hard-boiled politician who never forgot an injury or a friend.

His devotion to Gandhian principle is almost autocratic. As Bombay's Chief Minister, he decreed that all schoolchildren must use cheap penholders so that those too poor to afford fountain pens would not suffer from a sense of inferiority. Despite Nehru's objections, he saddled Bombay with a prohibition law that has

cut deeply into government revenues, turned bootlegging into big business. To charges that he was arbitrarily imposing his own standards of morality on his fellow citizens, he replied: "I am not trying to reform anybody. I am merely trying to remove temptation."

Two years ago, when the Gujarati community of Ahmedabad rioted against Nehru's plan to submerge them in a huge, new state dominated by the Marathas, Desai—a Gujarati himself—first tried to shame the rioters into submission by staging a public fast in the Gandhian tradition. When that failed, Desai ordered the police into action. They opened fire on the mobs, injuring at least 100 people.

Cops & Conservatism. Fact is that Desai has never hesitated to ignore Gandhi's injunctions against violence, when



INDIA'S DESAI

Continence, coconut milk and hope.

necessary, in order to uphold the law. During the bloody rioting between Hindus, Moslems and Sikhs that racked India in the months before and after independence, Desai's skilled and vigorous handling of his police cut casualties immeasurably. In 1954 U.S. Ambassador George V. Allen publicly declared that Desai's Bombay had been selected as the site of a \$30 million Standard Vacuum refinery because of its "remarkable stability."

In the long run, no one sets any fiscal policy in Nehru's India that does not suit Nehru himself, and among knowledgeable Indians, the Finance Ministry is often referred to as "the graveyard of political reputations"; of Desai's four predecessors in the job, two left under a cloud, two resigned over policy differences with Nehru.

But Desai is a man of greater political stature than any of his predecessors. He is considerably more conservative than Nehru in his economic views, outspokenly pro-Western and anti-Communist; Desai flatly insists that Karl Marx wrote his "cluster of erroneous theories" out of

"personal fits of frustration." To India's businessmen, increasingly nervous about their prospects for survival in the quasi-Socialist economy envisaged by Nehru, Desai's appointment to the Finance Ministry last week came as a relief and a hope for the future.

THE SUDAN

To Be Continued


For ten days, in town and jungle and across miles of desert, the people of the Sudan cast their ballots in the first election since their country became wholly independent in 1956. Among the sophisticated Arabs of Khartoum, the balloting went off without a hitch. But in the western deserts, election officials in jouncing jeeps had to chase down camel-riding nomads to collect their ballots. In the Nuba region, voter identification was complicated by the local habit of naming all eldest sons Cuckoo. Several precincts in the eastern mountains reported that voters were showing up with entirely different names from those under which they registered, because the local practice is always to change names after the annual religious wrestling matches.

The issues were many and complex, but to the outside world, one towered over all: whether staunchly pro-Western Prime Minister Abdullah Khalil, head of the Umma (Nation) Party, would remain in power or be replaced by pro-Egyptian ex-Premier Ismail el Azhari, head of the National Unionist Party.

To the accompaniment of a constant stream of anti-Western vituperation from Cairo, as well as the jingle of Egyptian money, El Azhari put on a vigorous, glad-handing campaign. He played upon the antireligious sentiment of the younger generation by hammering away disdainfully at Premier Khalil's personal devotion to the Moslem cult of aging Abdel Rahman el Mahdi. He lashed out at the Baghdad Pact, accused the Premier of being pro-American, pro-British, and pro-imperialist. While carefully ignoring Nasser's blatant maneuvers to take over the Sudan and his newly asserted claim on more than 6,000 miles of northern territory, El Azhari spoke glowingly of the desirability of a "common defense pact" with Egypt.

Premier Khalil had one powerful argument: his record. An outstanding administrator, he has kept his budget balanced, poured his surpluses into a series of development projects that have made the Sudan Africa's land of promise. He has resisted all Soviet attempts to infiltrate, sternly rebuffed both the blandishments and the threats that flood in from Egypt.

Khalil's rugged independence paid off. Last week, with most of the ballots counted, Khalil's Umma Party was winner of 75 seats to El Azhari's 45. But Khalil needs another twelve votes to muster a majority in the 173-man Parliament, and both sides were busy wooing adherents among the minor parties and independents. Said one cynical observer: "For the next few days, you won't be able to sleep around here for the clink of money."



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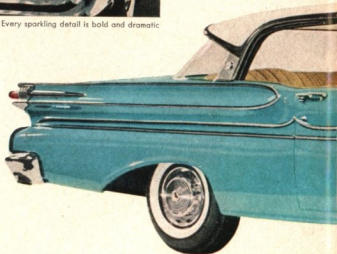
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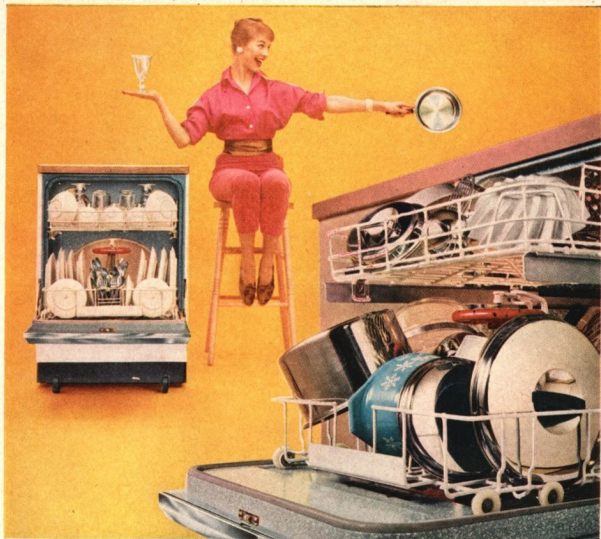
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THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Showdown Election

Across a land where mild, springlike days were beginning to soften winter's deep freeze—and where a business slump has thrown more men out of work than in any other year since World War II—Canadians for the second time in a year are about to choose a new government. Bidding for a stronger mandate, after only nine months in office, is Tory Prime Minister John George Diefenbaker, 62. His leading challenger in the March 31 election: Liberal Leader Lester Bowles ("Mike") Pearson, 60, longtime Secretary of State for External Affairs in a government that ruled Canada for 22 years up to last June.

Divided House. Last year's election ended indecisively when none of the four national parties gained a clear majority of seats in the House of Commons; as leader of the largest group (112 of 265 members), Diefenbaker was invited to form the new government. He brought in legislation to implement his major campaign promises—tax cuts, aid to farmers, higher social-security benefits—saw most of it adopted with the reluctant consent of the opposition parties, finally called for a new election that might give his party a firm majority.

In a nation accustomed to decorous politics, Diefenbaker is staging a dramatically different campaign. A onetime top criminal lawyer with a flair for courtroom oratory, he is barnstorming the country, pulling in big demonstrative audiences. Standing before giant-sized portraits of himself, blue eyes blazing, he heaps scorn on his political opponents ("they talked; we acted"), blames Liberal policies for Canada's recession, promises a huge

public-works program. With occasional overtones of Yankee-baiting, he sweepingly blames the farm recession on the dumping of U.S. surpluses, calls for the creation of new industries to process Canadian raw materials instead of "exporting them to make jobs for Americans."

Professor in Politics. Liberal Pearson, history professor turned politician, winner of a 1957 Nobel Peace Prize, makes no effort to match the Prime Minister's give-'em-hell speeches. In matter-of-fact tones, he maintains that the recession would have overtaken any government in power, calls for an immediate \$400 million tax cut—rather than a slow-motion public-works plan—to pep up the economy.

To win a clear majority, Diefenbaker needs to score major gains in the key province of Quebec, which last year elected only nine Tories among its 75 M.P.s. In this aim, he seems to have the quiet cooperation of Quebec's powerful Premier Maurice Duplessis, who never liked the Liberals even when they were led by French Canada's own Louis St. Laurent, former Prime Minister, who retired in January.

Diefenbaker's crowd-compelling, headline-snaring campaign has seemingly given his Tories a running start to victory. The latest precampaign Gallup poll rated them the favorites of 50% of the voters who had made up their minds, v. 35% for the Liberals, 15% for the two minor parties,



LIBERAL PEARSON
Running hard.

© Toronto Star

CUBA

End of Hope

Less than seven weeks after he restored personal freedoms in Cuba, President Fulgencio Batista snatched them back again. Last week the eighth suspension of constitutional guarantees since Fidel Castro began his revolt 15 months ago renewed for 45 days the government's power to censor the press, disperse public meetings, raid homes without warrants, jail citizens without charges.

With that went glimmering the last faint hope of settling the rebellion peacefully. Castro, in effect, had already rejected the Roman Catholic Church's proposal for a government of national union, declaring that "no self-respecting Cuban could sit in Batista's Cabinet," and the church-supported Conciliation Commission collapsed in futility.

Batista's crackdown on liberties now killed off whatever chance remained of free presidential elections on June 1. Though the government stubbornly pressed preparations for the balloting, the only major opposition candidate, ex-President Ramón Grau San Martín, 70, warned that suppression of free speech and assembly made campaigning impossible. There were indications he might withdraw.

In gutting the elections, Batista made propaganda for Castro. From the start the rebel boss had denounced the "electoral farce," refused to nominate a candidate, and insisted that the only way to deal

with Batista was violence. Batista also put the friendly U.S. State Department, which had been urging elections on him, in a most unhappy position. In effect, the U.S. policy had now been rejected by all sides.

The force that impelled Batista to drop the mantle of conciliation and move to open dictatorship was a sudden, unexpected threat from Cuba's judiciary. While proclaiming "we love democracy," the President had long winked at the activities of a small group of police and military men whose rough stuff and tortures helped to cow the discontented. Three weeks ago, during the "free" period, eleven Havana judges hit at the police for refusing to honor writs of habeas corpus, declaring they had "never seen the administration of Cuban justice so mocked and reviled." A fortnight ago, the judicial attack sharpened. A judge demanded that the police produce in court a captured rebel suspect; when the cops failed to do so, he boldly charged two notorious police torturers with mistreating and killing the prisoner, then ordered them arrested and held without bail. Afterward, the judge went into hiding.

As Batista decided that his regime's future lay with cops rather than conciliation, the army announced that it would augment its 22,000-man force by calling up another 7,000 recruits.

BERMUDA

Greeting the Fleet

The occasion was one to stir the hearts of all the Queen's loyal subjects in Bermuda, certainly the oldest and quite possibly the stuffiest colony in the whole glamorous, dwindling British Empire. A gleaming, 25-ship fleet of the British and Canadian navies lay at anchor in Hamil-



Canada Pictures

CONSERVATIVE DIEFENBAKER
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The Rain in Spain Stays Mainly in the Plain

...says one of the hit songs from "My Fair Lady." If you missed this show in New York, *cheer up!* Because...

...on your way to stay in the plain in Spain *yourself*, you can catch a performance in London! (It opens April 30 at the Drury Lane.)

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ton Harbor, and no less a personage than the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Earl of Selkirk, flew in to observe the joint maneuvers. Next day the representatives of empire received an editorial greeting from the daily *Mid-Ocean News*, which publishes most official notices and bears the proud subtitle of *Colonial Government Gazette*. The general effect of this journalistic salute was approximately what might be achieved with a rather large stink bomb at a Government House garden party; the editorial headline read simply, **LIMEY, GO HOME.**

The text, though not up to that rude standard, was interesting enough—a rambling argument that the good old colonial days were over and, what is more, never were that good. Most of the original settlers, the *News* cheerfully observed, "would have sold their British heritage for a bottle of rum." Now, the editorial continued, "H.M.S. *Bermuda* comes to wave the Union Jack at us, but even that is little more than a symbol of has-beens and a voice from the past. For good or ill, Bermuda's face is turned westward. To America she looks for protection, to her tourists for her livelihood." New British immigrants (Noel Coward, for instance) are likely to be greeted as nothing but tax dodgers. The phrase "Limey, go home" is not a slur, of course, but "the voice of destiny."

Sputtering over their gin and tonics, flushed with rage to the color of their rum Cokes, the loyal colonials directed a flood of letters and telephone calls to the *News's* managing director, Seward Toddings. He was invited to "come to the *Queen of Bermuda* and bring a piece of rope." He was advised that he should be operating a furnace in hell instead of a newspaper. The House of Assembly hastily voted its hearty displeasure, profound indignation, and poignant regret over the editorial. The *News*, visibly stiffening its upper lip, explained at length that no offense was intended and that the writer had merely been trying in philosophical vein to interpret the "signs of our hectic times." But Toddings admitted ruefully that in 40 years "I have never known a newspaper to be on a more defenseless wicket." He added sternly that the *News* editor who passed the piece had been "brought to book." The editor, a bewildered Texan named Elizabeth Pengelly, explained that she had been "disarmed" by the fact that the editorial was written by a usually reliable contributor, the Rev. Vibart Ridgeway, an Anglican priest and scion of an old and distinguished English family.

THE WEST INDIES

First Election

On March 25 The West Indies will take an important step on the road to self-government. The federation of the one-time British colonies of Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados and seven other main islands—8,000 sq. mi. of land and 3,000,000 people sprawled over 1,500 miles of Caribbean Sea—will hold its first election, choose the first West Indies Parliament, which

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Consumers have benefited from trading stamps in both stamp and non-stamp stores. When a leading research organization recently made a national survey among the managers of 541 supermarkets that do not give stamps, they found that more than half of them (51.5%) had reduced prices to compete with stamps.

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Thus, the trading stamp can be counted among the anti-inflationary forces operating on

food prices. At a time like the present, when there is upward pressure on the prices of everything, it seems we need more and more competitive forces, like trading stamps, in the marketplace.

★ ★ ★

REFERENCES: "Status of Trading Stamps in Food and Drug Stores." Selling Research, Inc., New York, 1957.

"Competition and Trading Stamps in Retailing." Dr. Eugene R. Beem, School of Business Administration, University of California.

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will be opened April 22 with Princess Margaret representing Queen Elizabeth.

Probable winner of the election: the mildly socialist West Indies Federal Labor Party, which should win at least 26 of the 45 seats and organize the government. Probable Prime Minister: Oxford-educated Lawyer Sir Grantley Herbert Adams, 59, one of the pioneer federationists and founders of the F.L.P., now Premier of Barbados.

As the islands went into the final week of the campaign, a growing awareness of the realities confronting the new state—too many people and too little income (e.g., 1,382 people per sq. mi. in Barbados have a per-capita income of \$239 a year)—dampened fiery nationalist expectations of years past. Observers predicted only a 40-60% turnout of eligible voters, and the *Jamaica Times* called the campaign "dreary." Admitted Probable Prime Minister Adams: "The federal government is going to be weak with a chicken-feed budget of \$9,000,000."

VENEZUELA

Mission of Explanation

Even as Venezuela makes the tricky passage from dictatorship to democracy, pressure mounts in the U.S. Congress for a measure that would deal Venezuela a hard economic blow. U.S. crude-oil import restrictions, now on a voluntary basis that has already pinched Venezuela painfully, may be tightened and made mandatory. Unless all Venezuela understands the facts of the dropping oil market, restrictions may seem like U.S. disapproval of Venezuela's democratic trend.

To explain the facts, the U.S. last week sent to Caracas a mission of top-drawer experts: Thomas C. Mann, Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs; Matthew V. Carson Jr., the Texas-lawyer-turned-naval-captain, who runs the voluntary restriction program; Ernest Thompson, chairman of the powerful Texas Railroad Commission, which controls oil production in the state that produces nearly half of U.S. oil; and Willis C. Armstrong, director of the State Department's Office of International Resources. Because Canada is also affected by U.S. restrictions, Canada's Ambassador to Venezuela joined the talks. Some of the facts:

- ❶ Of the 14% drop-off in Venezuelan oil production since the Suez-crisis peak of 2,900,000 bbl. a day, the slump in the world market accounted for about 10%, U.S. voluntary restrictions for only 4%.
- ❷ In the same period, politically powerful Texas' output has dropped 18%.
- ❸ Crude prices in the U.S. have shaded off 10¢ to 25¢ from the Suez high of \$3.25 per bbl., might skid fast if any producer insists on flooding the market.

By seeing everyone from the ruling junta to industrial and political leaders, the U.S. mission gave Venezuelans a chance to be heard as well as to be persuaded. Nonetheless, as the mission left the government felt obliged to say that it still opposes all restrictions. The talks will continue later in Washington.

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BIG



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YOURS TO COMMAND AT THE FLICK OF A FINGER



PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

The man who was Thrill-Killer Prisoner 9306-D for 33 years, six months and two days walked nervously from Illinois' Stateville penitentiary one day last week. Trim in a prison-made blue suit, paroled **Nathan Leopold Jr.**, 53, took the arm of Lawyer Elmer Gertz, pushed his way to five microphones set up on a nearby road, and over shouts and shutter clicks read a statement to 100-odd newsmen and photographers: "I beg, I beseech you . . . to grant me a gift almost as precious as freedom itself—a gift without which freedom ceases to have much value—the gift of privacy. Give me a chance—a fair chance—to start life anew." Then he answered a few questions about his \$10-a-month lab technician's job in a Puerto Rican hospital, grimly commented when asked if he felt free: "I feel hemmed in." With a posse of reporters yelping at their heels, Leopold and lawyer hopped into a rented car and dashed off toward Chicago. New to high-speed driving, Leopold, a diabetic, stopped six times en route, vomited on roadside grass as cameras clicked. Later, taut-nerved Nathan Leopold flew to New York and on to Puerto Rico, at his destination said humbly: "You can't imagine how happy I am."

The plaintiff, in a Los Angeles court, called for the dissolution of Lewislair Films, Inc., producer of NBC-TV's *Loretta Young Show*, charged company bosses with "dishonesty, mismanagement and unfairness." The plaintiff: Adman Tom Lewis, 55; co-defendant: the company president, Cinemactress **Loretta Young**, Lewis'



Associated Press
PRESIDENT YOUNG & HUSBAND
Look who's suing.



United Press
VIRTUOSO RUBINSTEIN & WIFE
Look who's sitting.

wife for almost 18 years. Said Lewis: "It has no personal implications." Said Actress Young: "No comment."

As thigh-sliding Crooner **Elvis Presley** made his way from Hollywood to the family home near Memphis to wait out his Army summons, Pollster Eugene Gilbert, a specialist in probing teen-age minds (TIME, Aug. 13, 1956), announced—to no one's surprise—that Pelvis fans, rated against the Como-Boone-Sinatra crowd, are all shook up indeed. Researcher Gilbert's findings: in school, most Presleys don't give a twang for getting good grades. Average grade for the Elvis lover is C; for the Booneite, B or better. Thirty percent of ardent rock 'n' rollers admitted that they never thought about the years ahead. Typical comment: "What's the hurry? When the time comes, I guess I'll know what to do."

From the moment he ambled onstage with a dozen batons under his arm, Comic **Danny Kaye**, guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic for its Pension Fund Benefit, had Carnegie Hall patrons collapsing with guffaws. Unable to read music, Conductor Kaye directed some favorite classics surprisingly well, had audience and orchestra falling from their chairs by: 1) kissing two girl harpists and a bull fiddler; 2) parodying common conductor techniques, i.e., "the coffee grinder" and "the meat chopper"; 3) arguing with his oboist over an A; 4) falling into the cellos during a crescendo. Said Kaye: "It's the greatest feeling of neurotic power in the world."

On his current concert tour of Latin America, Piano Virtuoso **Artur Rubinstein** arrived in Cali, Colombia, irately

plotted himself on the customs house floor to protest slow processing of his papers.

From Fort Antoine, a 47-mm. cannon boomed the first of 101 saluting shots, and 2,500 Monegasques began to celebrate. Church bells pealed, teen-agers sang and snake-danced about Monaco's pink palace, as **Prince Rainier III** bowed from the balcony. About an hour before, **Princess Grace** delivered to her tax-free citizens a second child (the first, in 1957: Princess Caroline) and a male heir presumptive: Albert Alexandre Louis Pierre. If and when he should take the throne, the Grimaldi heir will be known as Albert II.

At a congressional hearing, Missile Expert **Wernher von Braun**, asked about Atomic Physicist **J. Robert Oppenheimer**, who four years ago was labeled a security risk and dropped as a Government consultant, replied: "The circumstances under which he was dismissed hurt the whole scientific community very badly . . . I think the British would have knighted him."

Still seeking challengers for Republican Irving Ives's New York Senate seat, at stake this fall, the Democratic-allied Liberal Party tentatively tossed one well-known Homburg in the ring. The boomed candidate: TV's furrow-browed **Edward Roscoe** (See It Now) **Murrow**. Gruffed **Murrow**: "I have neither the intention nor the appetite to run for elective office," would not deny that more persuasion might change his mind. Added **Murrow's** good friend, New York Governor Averell Harriman (who has approved former Air Force Secretary Thomas K. Finletter): "It would be an interesting thing."

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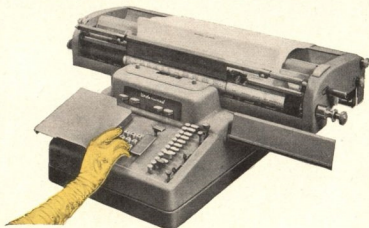


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EDUCATION



OHIO'S AMISH PARENTS UNDER ARREST
Are reading, writing and ciphering enough?

United Press

Caesar & God

To the stolid, austere Amish farmfolk of central Ohio, education beyond the eighth grade is a waste and a danger; it is enough that a child learn to read, write and cipher. This stubbornly held tenet of their strict, old-fashioned sect runs squarely into an Ohio law requiring children to remain in school until they are 16. From time to time in Amish country, parents have been prosecuted for violating the law, but more often, tolerant school boards ignore the Amish boycott of high schools, or make senseless obeisance to the law's letter by letting Amish schoolchildren repeat the eighth grade over and over. But by last week in prosperous, rural Wayne county (pop. 70,000, including some 3,000 Amish, 800 of them school-age children) the conflict between the sheltering religion and a school system tightening its standards had passed beyond easy tolerance.

Into Wooster, the county seat, drove bearded Amishmen who hitched their bugles near chrome-splashed V-8s, walked heavily beside their black-bonneted wives into the courthouse, where three Amish couples were on trial for contempt. Their offense: after refusing to let their children start the ninth grade, they carted the three teen-agers to an Amish settlement in Pennsylvania, defying a court order that they be placed in a children's home and allowed to go to school.

As the session began, Judge Don Young told the defendants that they could avoid punishment if they obeyed the order (two other sets of Amish parents obeyed last month, turned a boy and a girl over to the children's home, let them go to school). Replied stocky, 46-year-old John Hershberger: "I couldn't give up my son. It is against my scriptures." Defendants

Emmanuel Slabaugh and Eli Hershberger (John's distant cousin) backed up his refusal. Their bonneted wives, standing quietly by, said nothing. Said Judge Young: "I can't indulge in a religious argument. Religious convictions do not stand against an order of this court. We must render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. And today we're dealing with Caesar." He ordered that the parents be locked up until the three teen-agers are turned over to the children's home.

At week's end, the three Amish youngsters were still at large, and their parents were still in jail. Amish Bishop Samuel Swartzentruber said they would stay there "if it is God's will. We are not giving in." Some non-Amish Wayne County residents sympathized with the industrious, black-clad farmers, with whom they get along well, if distantly. But most of them agree that not even religion should be allowed to cut off children from the opportunity to become businessmen, doctors, lawyers or musicians, if they want to, instead of farmers. Prospect for the next school year: more trouble for Ohio's Amish, when a new state law will make illegal all one-room schools, including the one-room parochial schools where many Amish children get their instruction in reading, writing and ciphering.

School & Skis

When it was discovered about twelve years ago that the slopes around Aspen, Colo. could be mined for skiers' dollars as profitably as they had been worked for silver 75 years before, a permanent snow blindness began to cloud the vision of Aspen (pop. 1,200). This year, with the dollar-mine booming, the malady gripped the school system. School officials have long since been faced with the looming,

11,300-ft.-high Mount Aspen tantalizingly visible from classroom windows. When book learning shuts down at noon every Wednesday, almost the entire school population gathers at the ski school on the mountain. The high school's ski team is among the state's best, and individual students rank high in nonschool meets.

Eligible Pupils. Trouble began in January. With intellectualism back in style, and with the out-of-state intellectuals (who have made Aspen a kind of wild-west Athens) clamoring about education, the school board grandly boosted athletic eligibility requirements from the rock bottom required by the state (passing grades in at least three subjects) to a new high: all Cs.

Within a few weeks Math Teacher Sterling Cooper, 26, had torpedoed the high school's four best skiers below C level. Among those sunk: 14-year-old Sharon Pecjak, the best junior girl racer for miles around and daughter of School Board Chairman Rudy Pecjak. The following week the four were to ski in elimination races to determine the area's squad for the National Junior championships. Although they would not race under school auspices, Superintendent William Speer held that eligibility rules covered the elimination races.

Over Speer's protests, and with the informal support of fellow board members, Papa Pecjak took Sharon out of school the day before the meet, drove her and other nonmathematicians to the elimination races at Winter Park, Colo. All four made the Nationals; Sharon won both the downhill and slalom races in her division.

Cooperative Teachers. The victories solved nothing. Superintendent Speer and the weekly Aspen Times blasted the school board for not following its own ruling. Earlier, Pecjak had offered to resign, was refused with thanks. Now Speer turned in his resignation, had it accepted by an



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unruffled school board. Last week Superintendent Speer turned over his job to the assistant superintendent, who also happens to be supervisor of high school ski instruction. At week's end Pecjak was standing firm on his statement that "I may have voted for that eligibility thing, but that doesn't mean I feel a C in every subject is necessarily right. You have to have cooperation from the teachers."

Math Teacher Cooper, who grouses that "Aspen is suffering from a national disease known as general education, whose symptoms, sores and scars are in full display," was prepared to pass out Ds and Fs whenever necessary. Sharon and her buddies were prepared to ski in the Nationals. And the other Aspen schoolchildren were prepared to have a rousing good time. A couple of weeks ago, acting on the newly discovered principle that a parent can yank his child out of school whenever he feels like it, 15 of them got parental consent, hooked off to watch some ski races.

Report Card

¶ In Marlboro, Mass., faculty and students of Marlboro High School chose 18-year-old Ilse Naujoks, third-ranking student in her class, for a good-citizenship award given annually by the Daughters of the American Revolution, got turned down flatly by the Daughters. Reason: Ilse, daughter of German refugee parents, has never been naturalized. With unsinkable illogic, National D.A.R. President General Mrs. Frederic A. Groves explained the ban: "It is natural to assume that a good-citizenship award in a high school in the U.S. would go to a citizen of this country."

¶ Deciding that it was "high time to stop subsidizing student wheels," President Chester Maxey of Walla Walla's Whitman College (841 students, some 300 autos) issued an ultimatum: no more financial grants for students who keep cars on campus.

¶ Two debaters from Mercer University, Macon, Ga. last week began a six-month invasion of northern colleges and universities to defend the proposition: *Resolved*, That racial segregation in the South should be maintained. Seniors Beverley Bates and L. Martelle Layfield faced debaters from Princeton's American Whig-Clitosophic Society, the U.S.'s oldest collegiate debating group, amiably insisted beforehand that they were not making the tour as "Confederate knights in shining armor," but as private citizens interested in finding "a free arena of discussion where reasonable people can achieve better understanding." Seemingly at odds with the proposition they were supporting in the no-decision debate, their goal was: a gradual approach to integration, with sufficient time for Southern moderates to "communicate with our people." Said Layfield, before the Mercer team packed up its arguments and headed for Pennsylvania's Lincoln University, its next stop: "We were born and raised in the South, and we have been able to see the fallacy in segregation."

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MEDICINE

With Fire & Sword

At 17 Andrew Baczek was an apprentice sword swallower (for a change of diet he sometimes ate fire, too) with a few months' experience. One day, at Chicago's Riverview Amusement Park, he overate. "I'd already swallowed that bayonet five times that day," he recalled later. "You're only supposed to do it a few times a week." At any rate, when he tried to swallow that bayonet, almost a foot of it slipped down all right and then it stuck. The crowd began to titter and Andy panicked. Instead of pulling the bayonet out and starting again, he tried to force it. Though it hurt a bit, he got through the act.

At home Andy began to feel ill, took a cola drink and milk to ease the pain. They only made it worse. He called his family physician, who knew Andy's occupation. A barium X ray confirmed his diagnosis: Andy had punched a hole through his esophagus (gullet), narrowly missed his heart. His drinks were spilling through the hole into his chest cavity. The doctor called Surgeon Philip Thorek, an amateur movie fan who is careful to take a camera crew with him on unusual cases.

Last week Dr. Thorek told the International College of Surgeons meeting in Los Angeles how he had routed out his cameramen at 1 a.m., when he got the call to operate on Andy. The resulting films showed the X ray and progress of the operation. Under general anesthesia he cut out Andy's fifth rib, pumped out the milk and cola, worked around the heart to get at the esophagus. Then he sewed up the hole. Andy's recovery was complicated by infection in the chest cavity, but antibiotics took care of that.



EX-SWALLOWER BACZEK

The diet was sharp.

For a while he tried fire-eating again, but somehow lost his taste for that, too. Now a sober 22, Andy has sworn off both fire and steel for life, has a humdrum job as a packer in a pastry-mix factory.

Not Father to the Man

The more psychiatrists learn about mental illnesses, the less willing they become to hang neat diagnostic labels on them. This is especially true of children's mental illnesses, which are so baffling that they defy classification by the most determined nosologist. Yet the term "childhood schizophrenia" has stuck. There has

been an enormous increase in this diagnosis, now "fashionable and much abused," says Dr. Hilde L. Mosse in the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, and it has done great harm to a lot of children.

On the basis of 60 cases Psychiatrist Mosse has seen at Manhattan's Lafargue Clinic and in private practice, "far more often than not this diagnosis is wrong." Without trying to pin on diagnostic labels of her own, Dr. Mosse cites children who showed behavior problems or suffered from common juvenile fantasies, only to be pushed into mental hospitals and given shock treatment, which made them worse.

Whatever the cause of adult schizophrenia (which nobody knows), Dr. Mosse is sure that most of her child patients had illnesses directly traceable to emotional problems (though some had organic defects). Yet she has been unable to find a single proved case where adult schizophrenia could be traced to such emotional injury in early life. The "child schizophrenic," Dr. Mosse concludes, is not father to the adult schizophrenic—indeed, he hardly ever exists.

The Staph of Death

Sulfa drugs and antibiotics have worked miracles against most kinds of germs, but with one species, *Staphylococcus aureus*, their too-liberal use has backfired. Last week U.S. physicians were pondering massive evidence in the A.M.A. *Journal* showing that 1) infections acquired in hospitals are a deadly and growing peril; and 2) antiseptic methods are as important as ever.

"Staph," as medical men nickname the germs, cause the commonest and most minor bacterial infections—but also the most dangerous. They are found in boils and in the pus of infected wounds. They may cause pus-filled blisters all over the body of the newborn, and fast-spreading diarrhea. From the eyes (conjunctivitis) they can spread to bone (osteomyelitis). If staph spread to the inner surface of the heart chambers, they can cause heart failure and death. In the lungs they are a potent source of pneumonia; many of the pneumonia deaths following Asian flu are laid to staph.

Where They Come From. Why has the staph menace grown so great? Part of it is relative: other germs, once equally common and deadly, have been tamed. Part of it is that physicians, surgeons and hospital staffs have become too confident: relying on their antibiotics, they are careless about general cleanliness and even surgical asepsis (*TIME*, April 1). But most of the trouble is in the nature of the beast itself: *Staphylococcus aureus* has the greatest capacity of any known disease germ for developing strains that are resistant to one antibiotic after another.*

These resistant strains, the *Journal* authors agree, are now firmly entrenched in hospitals. Epidemics usually begin in

* Microbiologists are about equally divided on whether the resistant strains arise by mutation, or are present from the beginning and multiply to dominate the field only after the more sensitive strains are killed off by the drugs.



PSYCHIATRIST MOSSE & PATIENT
The diagnosis is abused.

Elizabeth Wilcox

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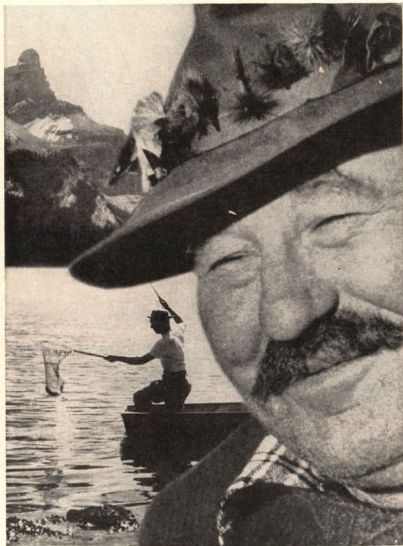
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the nurseries. Since the babies do not bring them into the nursery, where do they come from? Usually, the investigators found, from nurses. In some hospitals, as many as 85% of personnel have been found to carry staph in their nasal passages (without apparent illness). The proportion who carry the resistant strains, causing disease outbreaks, may be only 4% to 12%, but once a wave of infections starts rolling, it is hard to stop. Healthy adults have a high degree of immunity, but its nature is not yet understood, and no vaccine is in sight. The newborn and very old are especially susceptible, and so are patients recovering from surgery.

What to Do? Most of the dangerous staph are immediately found to be resistant to penicillin and streptomycin. They show descending orders of resistance to the tetracyclines (Aureomycin, Terramycin, Achromycin) and chloramphenicol (Chloromycetin). Strains have emerged that show varying resistance to still newer antibiotics. Strangely, nobody knows exactly how severe the problem is because most deaths caused by staph are not so listed. If a patient admitted for heart surgery dies of a staph infection, his death is attributed to the original heart trouble. Example: in Seattle and surrounding King County, only four deaths (out of 7,837) in 1956 were listed as caused by staph. But Dr. Reimert T. Ravenholt estimates in the *American Journal of Public Health* that fully 100 and perhaps more than 200 deaths should have been so listed.

On what to do to fight the staph, the authorities give unanimous advice:

- ¶ Clean up the hospitals.
- ¶ Make doctors and nurses scrub up better, use heavier masks, take far more care in many details—e.g., changing their shoes when moving between surgical and non-surgical areas.
- ¶ Sterilize instruments and bedding far more rigorously; staph can live, snug in blankets and mattresses, for months.
- ¶ Do not give antibiotics haphazardly, and never in small "preventive" doses, which probably serve mainly to encourage resistant staph strains.
- ¶ When an infection apparently caused by a defiant strain is detected, treat it with full doses of the most promising antibiotic. At the same time, culture the germs in the lab, and confirm (by complex tests) that the right drug is being used. Isolate the patient as far as possible.

Safer Plasma

Blood plasma pooled from many donors can be rendered free of the dangerous hepatitis virus if kept at room temperature for six months. University of Cincinnati researchers reported in the *A.M.A. Journal* after a four-year study. The finding means that plasma can safely be given promptly to battle casualties or accident victims. Also, since the plasma can be kept indefinitely, much blood and plasma now wasted can be put to use. Still not known: how to make whole blood safe from hepatitis virus.



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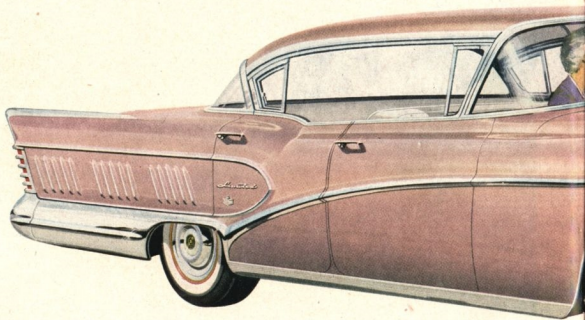
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TELEVISION & RADIO

Turning the Tables

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This was no tribute to the country doctor, but an ode to the disk jockey—the grey-flannelmouth who has all but swallowed up U.S. radio. It was the keynote of the first national convention of pop-music disk jockeys, sponsored in Kansas City, Mo., by young (33) Radio Chain Boss Todd Storz (TIME, June 4, 1956). But before the 850 jockeys returned last week to jobs that pay them from \$2,300 to well over \$100,000 a year, they struck some more jarring notes.

Lament. Amid some of their own praise for themselves ("A true disk jockey is a pretty humble man, even though it might not show through"), the spin-and-spielers set up a lament about such bosses as Host Storz, a onetime disk jockey whose four-station chain (Minneapolis-St. Paul, Kansas City, Mo., New Orleans, Miami) makes big profits out of relentless plugging of the "Top 40" pop tunes. They protested that this formula is turning the disk jockey into an automaton, stripping him of the "personality" that is his stock in trade.

But the most jangling discord came from spade-bearded Mitch Miller, director of Columbia Records' popular division and sometime oboist, who usually seeks the disk jockeys' favor. Lectured Miller: "You caused radio to jump out of bed and click its heels while the public was dressing for the funeral. Then you went and abdicated your programming to the 8-to-14-year-olds, to the pre-shave crowd that makes up 12% of the country's population and zero percent of its buying power—once you eliminate pony-tail ribbons, Popsicles and peanut brittle. Youth must be served—but how about some music for the rest of us?"

Ovation. Listeners over 14, said Miller, are rebelling by turning off radios and programming for themselves with phonographs. He snorted at the jockeys' attempt to justify what they play by arguing that they only "give them what they want." Asked he: "Does the demand for a record come because you play it first, or do the kids demand it because they find it in the Top 40? If the Top 40 is an election, will somebody please blow the whistle for the Honest Ballot Association?" Miller's prescription for foresighted station owners: "Guide sub-tastes so that youngsters will grow up with a station as its 'permanent audience,' instead of outgrowing it altogether."

As Miller finished his harangue, the disk jockeys bounced up to give him the convention's only standing ovation.

The Girl That Jack Built

Jack ("I'm live!") Paar had hardly launched himself as NBC's bright-weekly answer to late movies when he began playing Pygmalion to a professionally added Galatea from Ohio, orange-topped Dolores ("Dody") Martha Goodman, "aged 29" (real age: 43). By last week, seven months later, the comedienne that Jack built had "disenchanted" her creator, and Paar felt less a Pygmalion than a Frankenstein. "Sweet little Midwestern Dody," he snorted, "Brother! And we did it—we made her."

In the beginning, vague, fey Dody, a dancing veteran of show business, could not utter an unfunny word in the show's informal panel chatter—and all the laughs

three performances a week. Her shrewd manager renegotiated her five-year NBC contract, guaranteeing her \$26,000 for the next 26 weeks, whether she appears with Paar or not, and freeing her for other work. In the deal the *Jack Paar Show* gladly arranged to drop her as a "regular" last week.

"Good Night." NBC stoutly denied any feud on the show, but last week the feuding drowned out the denials. "I'll tell you why we cut her," Paar erupted before one show. "Does one say 'Your fly's open' on the air? Or do you take out a falsy before the camera? No other person has ever confronted me with such embarrassment or provocation. Oh, she's terribly bright—very shrewd, calculating. You notice how she fiddles at her skirt, scratches, waves to the audience. That's her method of competing. I tell her not to and she says I'm jealous of her. I even



GALATEA GOODMAN & PYGMALION PAAR
Fiddling, scratching and waving—goodbye.

Fred Hermansky

seemed to strike her as a complete surprise. Paar sang her praises (a "small gold mine," a treasure "straight from the moon"), assured viewers: "Honest, this girl is for real." Soon Dody was getting heavy fan mail, interviews and \$50 a week.

Vulnerable Spot. Then something went awry. Dody began basking in her new limelight—and looking as if she expected her laughs. She also started irritating Paar, who has a temperament as tender as a tenor's. She complained on the air that Jack wouldn't let her do the song-and-dance turns she wanted to. Once she pointed to the red light signaling silence for a commercial on Paar's desk and chirped: "Oh, I'm not supposed to talk when that's on, am I?" (Retorted Jack: "Dody, you know I told you not to talk about that.") When Paar appeared with a new toupee, Dody hit the vulnerable spot: "Don't you look different tonight, Jack?" Once when Jack felt compelled to call Dody down for being late to rehearsal, she rushed up to him in tears and cried: "Why won't you talk to me, Jack? Why do you hate me?"

After that, they rarely spoke off the air except through intermediaries. In December Dody was cut down from five to

have trouble keeping her mouth shut when a performer is on. Here is our dilemma—this I really don't know—is she ungriacious or calculated?"

Retorted Dody: "I acted the same in the beginning, but slowly the things he hired me for he is criticizing me for now. Now everybody can bounce off me but I'm not supposed to bounce off them. Jack will take an innocent remark the wrong way. Now, when I just look at him it makes him mad."

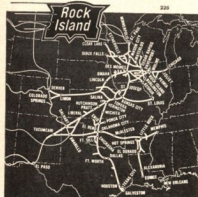
On their last shows together, Dody twitched and squirmed more nervously than ever, bridled when Paar asked her to tell a story she insisted wasn't very funny. (It wasn't.) Paar displayed tightly controlled correctness when Dody announced that she was leaving "on vacation." As he signed off for the week, he smiled: "Have a good vacation, Dody. Good night, Dody." Said Dody next day: "I think he wanted to appear that we were very friendly." But off the air Jack said that he felt miserable about the whole thing. Added he: "My mistake was to let her rise. The only thing she cared about was fan mail and publicity—not about the show. Friday may well have been her last time on the show. I'm not a fraud. I won't say nicely and politely that yes,



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One of our most important jobs is to know where in the Rock Island States it's possible for a manufacturer to be close to his suppliers . . . yes, and close to his markets or anything else essential to his well being. We've tabulated and recorded just such useful information so as to make it easily available. So, in looking for a new plant site, let your first step be to address . . .

Industrial Department
ROCK ISLAND LINES
La Salle Street Station
Chicago 5, Illinois



she will come back from time to time. What does she want? Her own show and more money. Well, she had her own show right on our show. This is the greatest overbuilding job I've ever done."

Opiate of the Pupil

In Snyder, N.Y. (pop. 18,000), an upper-middle-class suburb of Buffalo, a school survey found that kindergarten tots are at their TV sets roughly half as much time (14.2 hours a week) as in their classrooms, but as pupils grow up to the sixth grade they devote almost equal time to school (27½ hours a week) and television (26 hours a week). Other findings:

¶ Offered a choice, 51% of the children would prefer a sound spanking to a parental blackout of their favorite program.

¶ Parents must threaten or nag 43% of the youngsters to wrench them from TV at mealtimes, 46% at bedtime.

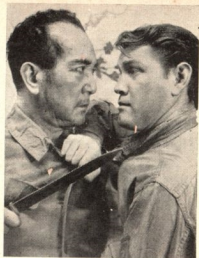
Concluded a school official: "Television is changing American children from irresistible forces into immovable objects."

Review

Twentieth Century: In CBS's *Gandhi*, the scrawny, jug-eared little man in the white loincloth looked as Author John Gunther once saw him: an inscrutable "combination of Jesus Christ, Tammany Hall, and your father." Fuzzy images from old films showed the gentle ascetic all but engulfed by the worshipping, hysterical throngs on the mass pilgrimage to the sea to carry out a plan of passive resistance during the British salt monopoly. There was the shrewd lawyer-diplomat putting his hand over an inquisitive British reporter's mouth or quipping on arrival in London in 1931: "You people have your plus fours. These are my minus fours." In the best sequences, faded with age, there was "your father"—with metal-rimmed spectacles, a big, near-toothless grin, the dollar watch dangling from the dhoti—who tenderly encircled a little girl with a garland of flowers that she had brought for him.

Yet *Gandhi*, like some other recent installments in this series, was a superficial show—a smattering of glimpses instead of a focused image. The trouble, as the producers explained it: "Even with the help of *Gandhi*'s son Devadas, we didn't step into a mother lode of film."

Kraft Television Theater: Borrowing freely from Balzac's tale of the strange friendship between a lone soldier and a panther in the desert, Playwright Simon Winberg almost captured the novelist's eerie mood as well. In *The Sea Is Boiling Hot*, the panther became a stoical Japanese infantryman (Sessue Hayakawa) marooned alone on a Pacific island in World War II. His unwelcome visitor: a fallen U.S. airman (Earl Holliman). The two-man play dared to turn almost entirely upon monologues by the American, yet managed effectively to sweep its characters over their language barrier from enmity to camaraderie. Though obliged to make few sounds other than some grunted Japanese, aging (68) Silent



HAYAKAWA & HOLLIMAN IN "THE SEA"
From here to camaraderie.

Cinemence Hayakawa, who is up for a supporting-role Oscar for his work in *Bridge on the River Kwai*, performed eloquently in silence, let his craggy face show the nuances in the change from fear and hatred to humor and affection. *Sea* worked unnecessarily hard to make its point—misunderstanding breeds wars—because its airman, though well-played and fairly believable, was a simple-minded drugstore cowboy whose military indoctrination never seemed to have progressed beyond peeling potatoes.

Conquest: CBS's science report showed the first pictures ever taken of actual atoms—electronically magnified 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 times and falling in lacy, snowflake patterns on the point of an extra-sharp pin. But the show's most stirring segment was an open-heart operation filmed in a University of Minnesota hospital. The patient: a pretty five-year-old blue baby named Debbie, who was wheeled into the operating room with a toy lion perched on her chest. Dr. Richard DeWalt was on the scene to explain how his heart-lung pump oxygenator would take the place of Debbie's heart and lungs during the surgery. Famed Heart Surgeon Dr. C. Walton Lillehei, a pioneer in such operations, went to work on Debbie's exposed heart as a narrator filled in crisp details: "Notice the oversized aorta and beneath it the narrow, underdeveloped pulmonary artery. Tapes are prepared for shutting off the main vessels which carry the blood to Debbie's heart and lungs. The plastic tubes are passed through a chamber of the heart to the large veins. Debbie's heart is opened." Then an injection of potassium citrate stopped the heart for 15 minutes; in throat-parching closeups, the hole inside Debbie's still, flaccid heart, too big for safe stitching, was repaired with a plastic patch made from stuff similar to kitchen sponges. Two weeks later Debbie went home—with every likelihood of a normal life expectancy.

Watch "Your Hit Parade" on TV
Saturday nights for the

Hit Parade cigarette

\$200,000.00 MYSTERY TUNE CONTEST



FIRST PRIZES: 32 NEW '58 CHEVROLET CONVERTIBLES
4 awarded in each of 8 contests

SECOND PRIZES: 32 \$1,000.00 CHARGE ACCOUNTS
at any convenient store of your choice... 4 awarded in each of 8 contests

1,280 OTHER EXCITING PRIZES

160 AWARDED IN EACH OF 8 CONTESTS:
3rd PRIZES... 15 Bell & Howell Movie Cameras
and Projectors
4th PRIZES... 10 Philco Hi-Fi Sets
5th PRIZES... 10 Philco Portable TV Sets
6th PRIZES... 125 Sheaffer Ballpoint Pens

**Easy to enter! Watch "Your Hit Parade"
and name the mystery tune. Then tell us
why you like Hit Parade cigarettes.**

JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. To enter any of the eight contests listed in Rule 2, simply name correctly the mystery tune played on Your Hit Parade TV show for that contest week, and then complete this statement in 25 additional words or less: "I like Hit Parade cigarettes because..." Write your entry on either an official entry blank or one side of any plain sheet of paper. Be sure to print your name and address plainly. You may enter each contest as many times as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by an end panel from a carton of Hit Parade cigarettes. Mail your entry to:

**Hit Parade Contest,
P. O. Box 45A,
Mount Vernon 10, New York**

Be sure to use sufficient postage on your envelope.

2. This is a series of eight biweekly contests as follows:

Mystery Tune	Year	Entries must be postmarked by	Entries must be received by
Contest TV Show of		by midnight on	not later than
1.....	Feb. 22	March 7
2.....	March 8	March 21
3.....	March 22	April 4
4.....	April 5	April 11
5.....	April 19	April 25
6.....	May 3	May 9
7.....	May 17	May 23
8.....	May 31	June 6
	June 13	June 20

*The Hit Parade Mystery Tune Contest begins one week later than dates shown above in the following

areas: Tampa, Ariz., Louisville, Ky., Providence, R. I., Nashville, Tenn., Jacksonville, Fla., La Crosse, Wis., Milwaukee, Wis., but all entries must be postmarked and received by the dates stated.

3. Anyone living in the continental United States or its possessions is eligible except employees of The American Tobacco Company, its advertising agencies, and the families of such employees. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant submitting it and submitted in the contestant's own name. You may enter as many contests as you wish, but a contestant may be awarded only one prize per contest.

4. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of originality, sincerity and appropriateness of the completed statement. Entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. To be eligible for a prize in a contest, the contestant must name the mystery tune for that contest correctly. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of ties.

5. All entries become the property of The American Tobacco Company to use as it sees fit, and none will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail. For a list of winners in all eight contests, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope with your entry. Contest subject to all federal, state and local regulations.

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ENTRY BLANK

Here is my contest entry:

The correct name of the mystery tune is.....

Complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "I like Hit Parade cigarettes because

My name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Mail, with either end panel from a carton of Hit Parade cigarettes, to:

**Hit Parade Contest
P. O. Box 45A
Mount Vernon 10, New York**

SCIENCE

Peaceful Atomic Blasting

Everyone who has seen an atomic explosion must have wondered how its enormous force could be put to peaceful use. Chemical explosives, comparatively puny, have shaped the modern world, dug its canals and tunnels, won its coal and ore, but until recently, atomic explosives were too secret and too radioactive to be considered seriously. Now it appears that within a few years they may become man's most powerful tool for fitting the earth to his use.

Last week the Senate's Subcommittee on Disarmament released a discussion by Atomic Energy Commissioner Willard F. Libby of Test Rainer, the world's first tentative trial of peaceful atomic blasting. The bomb used, said Dr. Libby, was "a little fellow" with the power of only 1,700 tons of TNT, and it exploded at the end of a 1,900 ft. tunnel cut into the soft volcanic rock of a flat-topped Nevada mesa. The end of the tunnel turned back on itself to make the fireball build its own prison. When the bomb exploded, the shock wave made a short run through the rock and plugged the tunnel tight before the dangerous gases could race around the bends. The whole mountain jumped about six inches, but no radioactive activity escaped into the open.

Rock Bubble. A few days after the explosion, Libby told the Senators, a crew began drilling down into the rock. The drillers did not know what to expect, and they took no chances, but everything was normal for several hundred feet: no heat, no radioactivity. Then suddenly the drill dropped into an empty cavity 50 ft. high. It was floored with broken rock, slightly radioactive and averaging about 40° hotter than the rock around it. Below the place where the bomb itself had been was a thin zone of dark, intensely radioactive rock.

Apparently the fireball blew an enormous bubble, 110 ft. in diameter, in the

heart of the mountain. Its skin was made of melted and vaporized rock that trapped nearly all of the radioactivity. Around it was a zone of rock shattered by the shock wave into an estimated 400,000 tons of rubble. When the gases cooled a few seconds later, some of the rubble fell down, filling the bubble and leaving the cavity that the drillers found.

Dr. Libby is delighted with the performance of the little fellow that shattered 400,000 tons of rock without increasing Nevada's surface radioactivity. Now the AEC's Project Plowshare (atomic blasting) can be speeded up. Some of the possibilities:

Harbors. Bomb tests in the Pacific have already blasted craters big enough for harbors. They created a lot of radioactivity, but more advanced bombs can be safer. Even the cleanest bomb will release neutrons that can make certain substances radioactive, but Libby says that in many cases this will be nothing to worry about. Four elements that form most of the earth's crust (aluminum, magnesium, silicon and oxygen) are not activated by neutrons. Sodium, found in rocks and in sea water, is strongly activated, but its activity disappears in a few days. An atom-blasted harbor, say on the almost harborless coast of Peru, should be safe after a short time.

Power. The heat of feeble Test Rainer was dissipated through 400,000 tons of rock, but Dr. Libby thinks that a bomb exploded under a different kind of mountain might create a mass of very hot rock. Water forced into it would turn to steam that might be used in turbines to produce cheap power.

Oil. One of the most prominent uses of atomic blasting has been hungrily discussed for years in the petroleum industry. Oilfields commonly play out when a good part of their oil is still in the ground. An atom bomb exploded in the oil-bearing formation might have several good effects. It would create new chan-



Walter Bennett

THE AEC'S LIBBY
Up jumped the mountain.

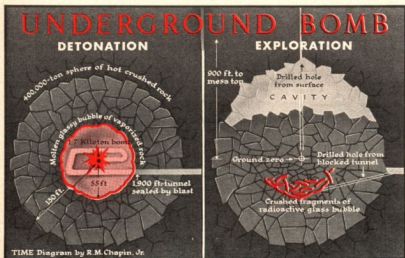
nels for the oil to flow through. Its heat would make the oil more liquid and ready to flow. Some of the oil might be turned into high-pressure gas that would drive other oil to the surface.

Hot-Spot Plastic

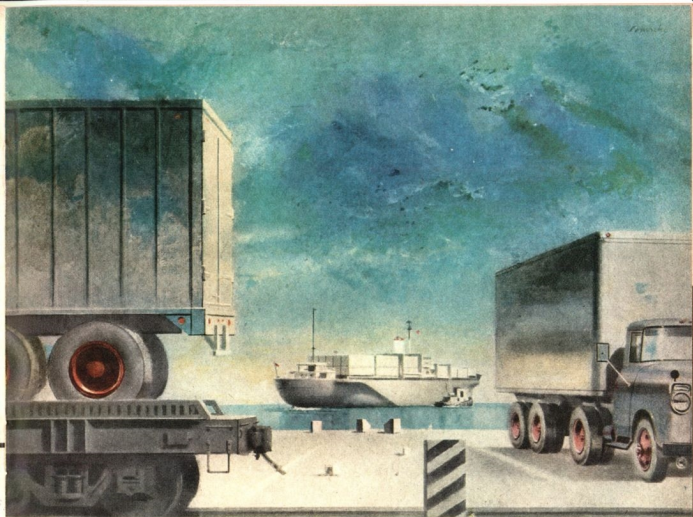
The nose-cone problem—how to bring a missile's warhead down through the atmosphere without too much heat damage—can be approached in very complicated or in very simple ways. A simple way that looks promising for even the fastest-falling missiles: sheathe the cone with Astrolite, a plastic made by H. I. Thompson Fiber Glass Co. of Los Angeles. Astrolite looks like the familiar brownish material used in workers' hard hats, but the fibers that reinforce the plastic are silica (quartz) instead of glass.

When Astrolite is exposed to a blast of high-temperature gas, a thin layer of the plastic on the surface burns off, leaving a mat of silica fibers arranged so that they cannot be easily blown away. At 3,000° F. (about the melting point of iron), they begin to soften, but melted silica is sticky, viscous stuff that clings tight until it turns to vapor. The vaporizing process draws heat from the remaining Astrolite and tends to keep it cool.

Astrolite cannot resist continuous high temperature (the plastic binder melts at about 450° F.), but it is remarkably successful against short attacks of extreme heat. It is used in 20 types of missiles, sometimes in the nose cones, sometimes in other hot spots such as the nozzles of rocket motors. The Thompson company says that a laminated layer of Astrolite two-tenths of an inch thick can protect the nose of an ICBM. For an ICBM, which enters the atmosphere much faster, four inches may be needed. This thickness weighs, says Thompson, only one-fiftieth as much as a heat-resistant metal used for the same job.



TIME Diagram by R. M. Chapin, Jr.



Trucks...driving ahead on road, rail, and sea

*Piggyback and fishyback hauling
add new dimensions to transportation*

Today, trucks carry just about everything just about everywhere. Last year, for example, they traveled over 115 billion miles in the United States, carrying billions of tons of freight. To cover this much ground fast and efficiently, truckers have had to employ new techniques, new equipment, and new roads.

Trailer trucks now ride the rails—loaded piggyback on flat cars—thus combining long-distance rail economy with door-to-door trucking service. And they go to sea—loaded fishyback on ships. Standard-type trailers are merely driven aboard. Container-type trailers are hoisted off their wheels and stowed in the hold like giant trucks.

On the highways, "two-way specials" carry one type of cargo on the outgoing

trip and a different type on the way back. Other improvements in body and cab designs are constantly increasing vital pay-load capacities.

Modern truck terminals now provide the latest in bulk-handling methods and equipment. These facilities speed local distribution, save shippers money.

The rapid development of trucking as a major industry has required constructive financial counsel as well as large amounts of money. Trucking companies and truck manufacturers find both at First National City. Here

they can work with *bankers* who know all phases of the industry.

Because the United States is the world's leading exporter of trucks and trailers, First National City's 71 Branches, Offices, and Affiliates overseas are of special value to the industry. They supply vital market and credit information, provide necessary financing, and assist in many other ways.

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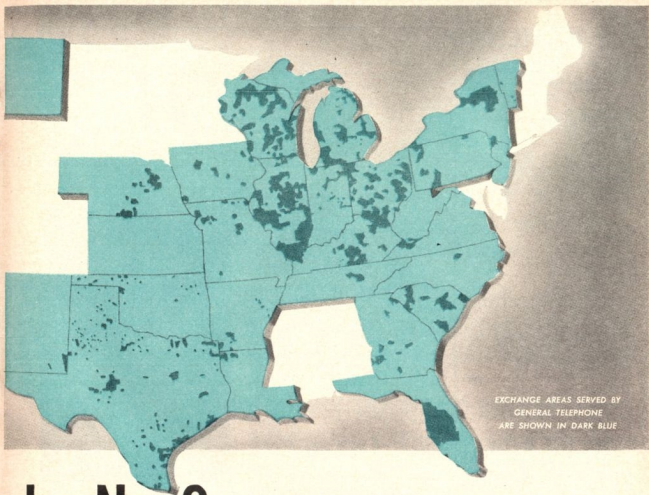
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THE PEOPLE who live in the United States have more of almost anything you can name—including telephones.

So it's possible, in such a fabulous country, to be the No. 2 telephone system—and still have a great opportunity for service and growth.

General Telephone serves, for example, more telephones than the total number of telephones in such a country as France.

And this list is growing—at the rate of 1,000 new customers every working day, partly because so many of



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the areas we serve are suburban areas—the fastest-growing areas in this country.

All of which confronts us with many challenges.

If we cannot be the largest, we can surely aspire to be the finest—to do whatever we do better than it has been done before.

With the inspiration of growth, we can attract talented people in the fields of research, engineering and management.

We can design and build better telephone equipment—for our own use, and for the use of 4,400 other

“independent” telephone companies now operating in the United States.

We can build better switches, relays, and other communications equipment needed for building telephone exchanges.

We have the resources to expand manufacturing facilities—to keep pace with the nation’s growth in housing in the areas we serve—and still serve the needs of other “independents.”

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General Telephone Corporation
260 Madison Avenue, New York

GENERAL TELEPHONE



One of the World's Great Communications Systems

Love Letters to Rambler



Quentin Reynolds, foreign correspondent and author of more than a dozen books, holds a law degree, but switched to journalism, the field in which he became world famous. Here is what he writes about his Rambler Cross Country:

"I'M CRAZY ABOUT IT"

"The difference between my Rambler and my big, heavy car is amazing. It uses about half as much gasoline and parks so easily I feel I ought to get a nickel change from the parking meter. Yet there's plenty of room for my six-foot-one-inch frame. I like everything about my Rambler. In fact, I'm crazy about it."

If you are tired of feeding twice too much gasoline to a heavy, too-big-to-park automobile, see the new Ramblers: 100-inch-wheel-base Rambler American; 108-inch-wheelbase Rambler 6 and Rambler Rebel V-8; 117-inch-wheelbase Ambassador V-8 by Rambler. All Ramblers cost less to own and operate and deliver more miles to the gallon than comparable competitive models. See your Rambler dealer today.



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—including your copy of TIME—always write in the zone number after the city, before the state on outgoing addresses and on your own return address.

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The fast-acting
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Travel Sickness.

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THE PRESS

French Leave

Nothing is more frustrating at a press conference than an official who refuses to talk—unless it is newsmen who refuse to listen. During his visit to Cambodia last week, France's Foreign Minister Christian Pineau met with Cambodian newsmen, but refused to talk to foreign correspondents.⁹ As a sop, Pineau set up a conference for U.S., British, Chinese and other foreign newsmen with Quai d'Orsay Asia Bureau Chief Pierre Millet. Simmering, the shunned newsmen waited until Millet entered the door, then stalked out. The only stay-behinds: Anatoly Kurov of Moscow's *New Times* and Russian Press Attaché Alexander Kongratiev.

Tribute

A veteran of the Washington beat for 37 years, Political Columnist Thomas L. Stokes, 59, won a Pulitzer Prize (in 1939 for exposing a WPA scandal in Kentucky), a raft of other awards through the decades, and the respect of his colleagues as a skillful reporter who does not let his admitted bias as "an old-fashioned progressive" keep him from playing fair. Last week Atlanta-born Tom Stokes won a rare new tribute. His column, which appears in 105 dailies, has not appeared since Jan. 3. It was a casualty of the illness that sent Stokes to the hospital last month for a brain operation. Back from the hospital but still bedded indefinitely, he learned that an old friend, Oklahoma's Democratic Senator Mike Monroney, has rounded up an impressive roster of guest columnists from both sides of the Senate aisle and Washington-at-large. Among Stokes's pinch hitters, who took over last week: Senators Margaret Chase Smith, William Knowland, Lyndon Johnson, John Kennedy, CIA Director Allen Dulles, Under Secretary of State Christian Herter, Army Chief of Staff Maxwell Taylor, Secretary of the Interior Fred Seaton, ex-Secretary of State Dean Acheson.

Mirror in Milan

"Milan has two pillars," runs a respectful Italian adage. "One is La Scala. The other is *Corriere della Sera*." By catering as faithfully as its operative opposite number to middle-class, culture-conscious Milanese, *Corriere* has long reigned as Italy's biggest daily (circ. 505,000) and one of the most enterprising newspapers published anywhere. Known in Milan simply as *The Newspaper*, staid *Corriere della Sera* got its start and its name as an evening paper, now comes out in two editions every morning. It runs no comic strips, gossip columns or guessing games, clings solidly to the aim outlined in its first issue 82 years ago: "We intend to

⁹ He has been especially wary of them since his unhappy interview last month with Syndicated Columnist Joseph Alsop, who quoted him as saying that France's bombing of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef in Tunisia was a "sad error" (TIME, Feb. 17).

be the faithful mirror of the world."

Last week *Corriere* beat the Italian press with a Page One report by New York Correspondent Ugo Stille that NATO Commander General Lauris Norstad had chosen Italy as a site for medium-range missile bases. Through the eyes of its own 25 foreign correspondents, the mirror in Milan also reflected such stories as tension in North Africa and the Middle East, and, from Germany, Iranian Queen Soraya's reluctant progress toward a divorce (see FOREIGN NEWS). The paper bolsters its overseas



"CORRIERE'S" STILLE
Fusty but fine.

coverage with 650 string correspondents and a platoon of 16 world-roving reporters known as "special envoys."

Erudition v. Exclusives. Trained to prize erudition over exclusives, news staff turns out some of journalism's most cultivated copy. Sample Page One lead: "The Soviet leaders, like the Bourbons, have learned nothing and forgotten nothing." Yet, though its style seems leisurely by U.S. standards, *Corriere* leaps on a big story as swiftly and effectively as any newspaper in the world.

Milan's *Corriere* has always been profitable (1956 net: "more than \$1,000,000"), made money even after the government drove out thunderously anti-Fascist Editor Luigi Albertini in 1925 and enlisted the paper in Mussolini's journalistic clique. The present owners of the conservative *Corriere* are three aging, textile-millionaire Crespi brothers (Mario, 78, Aldo, 73, Vittorio, 62). The Crespi, who took control of the paper when Albertini left, say that their only interest in *Corriere* is "to maintain its high traditions." Among the traditions: good pay, short hours, and a respectful attitude toward



THE WORLD'S FASTEST SUPERSONIC BOMBER REQUIRES A CONTROL SYSTEM THAT "THINKS" WITH THE PILOT

Convair's B-58 Hustler is the world's first and fastest supersonic bomber and a vital link in your national defense. It is also the first bomber that would be impractical for man to fly without the aid of advanced automatic control devices. This aid is supplied by the revolutionary new Bendix* Control System that "thinks" with the pilot. Actually, the plane could no more fly tactical missions without this precision control than it could take off without engines. To compare this B-58 bundle of jet-propelled automation to a World War II bomber is to compare a modern missile to a slingshot.

Bendix work on the control system began in 1949 with an Air Force contract to develop a "high performance super pilot". The end result is a system that senses and reacts faster—

literally thinks ahead of the human pilot, preventing him from putting the plane into any maneuver that, at the B-58's fantastic speed, could instantly destroy it.

Born in an analog computer, the Bendix Control System is an amazing combination of electronic, electro-mechanical and hydraulic devices. It takes into account air speed, temperature, air density and other vital information. It then translates the pilot's control-stick movements into exactly the right degree of required action. It also permits finger-tip operation of an aircraft whose control surfaces require an operating force 6,000 times greater than that of the latest airliners, or a force equal to more than 500 Cadillac engines running at full throttle. Important also is the fact that the

means now exist for controlling not only the B-58, but future manned supersonic aircraft, both military and commercial.

Other Bendix products on the B-58 include: ignition, navigation, liquid oxygen and filtration systems, nose wheel steering, fuel metering and engine controls and air turbine starter.



A Bendix engineer with a model that demonstrates the complex linkage needed to control the B-58. Forces up to 240,000 pounds are required to move B-58 control surfaces as compared to only 40 for a modern airliner.

*TRADEMARK

A thousand products



a million ideas

YOU'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE!



You meet the plumed coffee boy at the Pump Room in Chicago's Ambassador Hotels and at the Pump Room of Toronto's Lord Simcoe. But he's the symbol everywhere for Imperial Hotel hospitality... the connoisseur's reminder of inspired steaks at the Sherman's Porterhouse restaurant, pampering service at the Lord Simcoe, the luxurious suites and rooms that make your stay at any Imperial Hotel such an exhilarating experience!

Imperial Hotels

CHICAGO THE SHERMAN
THE HOTELS AMBASSADOR

CANADA THE LORD SIMCOE, IN TORONTO
THE LORD ELGIN, IN OTTAWA

newsmen* that is unique on Italy's mass-circulation dailies. Says one editor: "We trust our men completely. The byline is sacred."

Insight v. Inside Dope. One of the few complaints of *Corriere* staffers is that in holding to 19th century standards, the paper often seems as fusty as an antimacassar. Yet, though it bans such words as prostitute (stock euphemism: "woman of easy customs") and abortion ("interrupted maternity"), *Corriere della Sera* runs stories dealing with both subjects. Far from outdated is its standard of rounded, responsible reporting of world affairs, notably its evenhanded coverage of the U.S. by Correspondent Stille, 38, a Russian-born Italian who has lived in the U.S. 16 years. Though in influence outside its country it is no *Times*, either London or New York, The Newspaper remains one of the world's few dailies where staffers get—and heed—the stern admonition, in the words of Editor in Chief Mario Missiroli, to give "insight—not inside dope."

The Froth Estate

In his 35 years as the restlessly perfectionist editor of the New York *Times's* fat, sober Sunday supplements, Lester Markel, 64, has always put fact above fancy (and reaps his reward in juicy ads for bras, girdles and lingerie). In the latest *Bulletin* of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, Markel chides other editors for stressing entertainment. "I have been impelled at times," says he, "to inquire whether [we] should not properly be called 'The Froth Estate.'"

Writes Editor Markel: "I don't outlaw *Dick Tracy* or *L'il Abner*, but I insist that a newspaper shall print a goodly amount of information. In the long run, [editors] will discover that they cannot compete with TV in the variety field, and therefore that the future lies in the information area. Too many of them have abdicated this function to the news weeklies and to the silver-screen, gold-plated commentators. They had better move quickly to regain their news standing."

Other Markel criticisms: ¶ "Talk about freedom of the press and freedom of information is being worn thin. There is too little said about the obligations of the press. Most editors' hackles rise when a reader suggests that maybe the press is not as responsible as it should be and that its demand for 100% freedom may be illogical if it does not exercise due restraint. The customer, I suspect, may be approximately right."

¶ "Most publishers need education in editorial matters. The editorial costs of a newspaper range from 5% to 10% of the total and so the average publisher is likely

* And toward their expense-account fantasies. One top newsmen on a distant assignment regularly charged *Corriere* for his dalliances, explained on each expense account: "Man is not made of stone." The paper sympathetically paid up until the correspondent charged up ten nights in a row, sent him a cable with the debate ending retort: "But man is not made of steel either."



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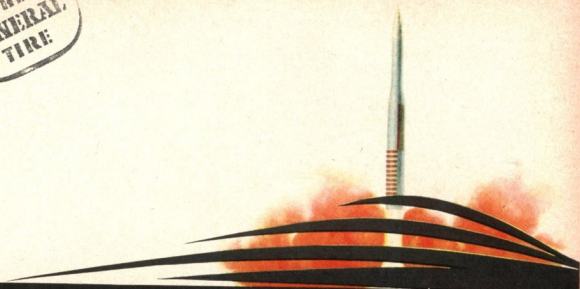
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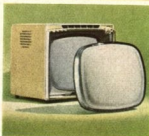


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to assign them to the lower categories—except when it comes to cutting the budget, in which case he is apt to turn first to trimming the editorial items. A campaign of enlightenment seems in order."

Thanks for the Memory

As the wire-service man with top seniority at the White House, the U.P.'s Merriam Smith, 45, became a newsmaker of sorts himself. He cultivated his perquisites as dean of the pressroom, delighted in his vested right to end presidential press conferences with "Thank you, Mr. President." He used the phrase as the title of one of his two books on his beat, filed a weekly column called "Backstairs at the White House." Last week, after 17 years

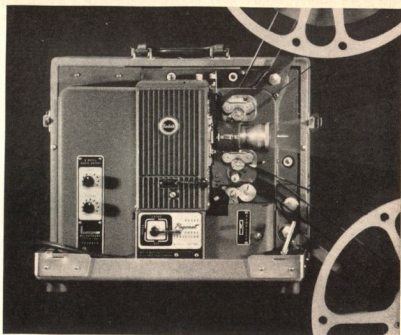


U.P.'s SMITH
Hello, Mr. Secretary.

of covering U.S. Presidents, Smitty was back on his old Treasury beat, and before this week's press conference, it was up to his successor, Dayton Moore, 49, the A.P.'s Marvin Arrowsmith, 44, and I.N.S.'s Alvin Spivak, 30, to decide who would thank the President for the press.

Weeding the Readers

While most national magazines are out after new subscribers, so they can raise their advertising rates, the *Farm Journal* is earnestly doing just the opposite. The 81-year-old monthly is trying to winnow some 220,000 non-farm readers out of its circulation of 3,533,956 and is already paring its ad rates accordingly. Last week readers without R.F.D. addresses were considering a special query from the magazine: "Do you own, operate, live on, work on a farm, or do business with a farmer?" If the answer was no, the subscriber got the choice of a cash rebate or a subscription to one of 17 other magazines (from *True Confessions* to *Catholic Digest*). The scheme: by lowering its space rates and assuring advertisers of a full crop of farm readers, the *Farm Journal* hopes to attract enough new ads to more than make up for the cutbacks.



NEW LOW-PRICED KODAK PAGEANT 16mm SOUND PROJECTOR MAKES AUDIO-VISUAL NEWS

Kodak Pageant Sound Projector, Model AV-085, combines Pageant quality with important new features and lists at just \$439!*

Kodak makes news for every user of 16mm motion pictures with a new Kodak Pageant quality projector at a budget price.

Like all Kodak Pageant Projectors, this new low-priced Model AV-085 sets up in minutes. Reel arms fold down with belts already attached. Film path is simplified, easy to follow. The exclusive Super-40 Shutter increases screen brilliance, adjusts automatically for sound or silent speeds. And you never oil a Pageant Projector, because it's lubricated for life.

There are new features, too, in this budget-priced Pageant. One is the new type of pull-down claw that's virtually wearproof. The vital tooth which engages the film is now made of tungsten carbide. The powerful 8-watt amplifier has printed circuits to make it extra durable, compact, and easy to service. And, to meet electrical codes, there's a new 3-wire power cord.

Ask your Kodak Audio-Visual dealer to demonstrate the new Kodak Pageant AV-085 16mm Sound Projector or mail coupon for complete information.

*List price, subject to change without notice.



Resonant, natural sound comes from NEW 11-inch oval speaker in baffled enclosure.

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Please send me complete information on the new Kodak Pageant Sound Projector, Model AV-085, and tell me who can give me a demonstration. I understand there is no obligation.

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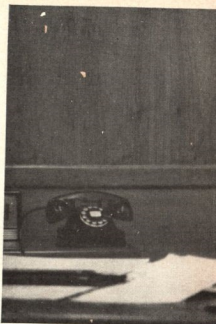
Kodak
TRADE MARK

IBM**MANAGEMENT
INTERVIEW**

Q. *Do computers pay off?*

A. *Our new IBM Ramac
pays off in inventory
savings alone.*

Paul H. Quick,
President,
Kingsboro Mills, Inc.,
Chattanooga, Tenn.



ELECTRONICS WITH A FLAIR FOR FASHION

THE *Rogers* STORY
LINGERIE

When you deal with a list of 7,000 retail outlets... carry a short-lived, yet complex, high-fashion inventory... pack the major share of your business into two hectic periods of the year... how can you get the jump on competition?

Kingsboro Mills, Inc., maker of famous Rogers Lingerie, answered that question... blasted those problems... when they became the first manufacturer in the soft-goods industry to install the IBM 305 Ramac®.

Having tested this new data processing system with its fabulous five-million character memory in the heat of a record-breaking selling season, Paul H. Quick, President of Kingsboro Mills, Inc., and Richard H. Houck, Vice President and Treasurer report here on the progress and profits possible through an integrated data processing program.

Q. With an exceptionally successful business such as yours, why did you feel the need for electronics?

Mr. Houck: Well, we'd had a taste of what IBM could do for us with punched cards—reducing the processing of orders from ten days to three, for instance. When Ramac came along with the means of cutting those time lags in half, or even better in some cases, we knew from experience what those time savings could mean to us.

Q. Then what would you say was the main reason for installing Ramac?

Mr. Quick: One big reason—service to our customers.

Q. How has Ramac helped you improve your service to customers?

Mr. Quick: At one time, during our seasonal peaks we were

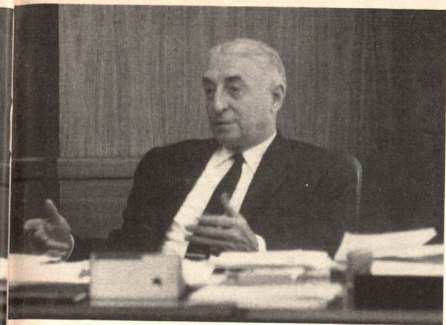


"Automatic credit check is another management control that Ramac gives us." Richard H. Houck, Vice Pres. and Treasurer.

literally swamped in processing orders. Mr. Houck was being generous when he said before that our lag was sometimes ten days. I've known it to be as much as two and a half weeks. Punched cards cut that lag to three days. Now, with Ramac, orders received today are in our shipping department tomorrow.

Q. What else does Ramac do for you?

Mr. Houck: The big thing for us is the wealth of information we get now that we didn't—or couldn't—get before. You might say that Ramac puts our management out in the field. With the new sales reports, market analyses and inventory



controls we get now, we know what's going on every minute, and can help our salesmen with positive directions.

Q. Then you consider Ramac a real sales help?

Mr. Houck: Actually . . . the right arm of our selling program. Some time back we inaugurated what we call our Never-Out Program. The idea was to keep the retailer constantly stocked with basic garments—those with not too much of a style factor. With our punched card system we could guarantee 48-hour service on a limited portion of our line. We used to do 37% of our total sales volume on that basis. Now we're doing 63% of our volume in Never-Out with Ramac because we can extend that 48-hour service into the high-fashion field and keep our customers stocked with a bigger variety of fast-selling items.

Q. Any actual cash savings you can point to?

Mr. Quick: Here's where this thing is really paying off. It's taken a tremendous figure out of obsolete merchandise sales—the inventory we used to have on hand at the end of a season. Our business has increased more than two and a half million dollars, and our distress sales are no higher than they were three years ago. When Ramac spots inventory mounting on any item, it calls it to our attention. We can stop production today, and prod our salesmen on it tomorrow.

Q. So percentage-wise you're way ahead?

Mr. Quick: Very definitely! Another thing . . . in spite of doing a lot more business, our general administrative expense was exactly the same this year as it was last, to the tenth of a percentage point. We have to give Ramac credit for that, too.

Q. Now, how about growth? How does Ramac fit into your growth plans?



"We get information on schedule now, and you'd be surprised how that eases your mind."

Mr. Quick: It's flexible enough to grow with us. We've already had occasion to prove that. In fact, we look to Ramac to speed our growth.

Q. Didn't this switch to Ramac involve some fairly major dislocations in your day-to-day operations?

Mr. Houck: Not at all! IBM showed us the way. But we're rather proud of the part our own organization played in the cut-over. One of our former machine operators, for example, went to an IBM school and developed into a first-class programmer. That's given us the chance to introduce a lot of our own ideas into our programming. But the big thing has been the service and experience IBM put at our disposal. That's something money can't buy.

IBM DATA PROCESSING
INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION
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ART



HARRISON'S STAMFORD CHURCH: MODERN FORM FOR ANCIENT SYMBOL.

Whale of a Church

In profile on a hillside, the prised First Presbyterian Church of Stamford, Conn., rests like a huge, stranded whale, its ribs exposed in transparent, jeweled-colored flesh. Dedicated last week, the \$1.5 million, six-story-high structure seats 800 people in a Gothic-inspired interior with a steel-reinforced frame standing out as part of the décor. There are no buttress-type supports, and the sharp-sloping walls, of interlaced, precast concrete panels, are embedded at midsection and tail with 20,000 inch-thick, stained-glass chunks. It is the first church designed by Skyscraper Architect Wallace K. Harrison (U.N. Building, Rockefeller Center).

To find his inspiration, the senior partner of Harrison & Abramovitz in 1954 toured the great cathedrals of England, France and Germany. Through his friend, Painter Fernand Léger, he met Chartres' famed stained-glass artist, Gabriel Loire, who molded the glass according to Harrison's design. The ruby, amber, amethyst, emerald and sapphire glass sections, roughly chipped to flash like jewels, are laid out to form abstract designs representing the Crucifixion and Resurrection.

To advise him in the amount of glass that could be used, the architect called in British Structural Engineer Felix Samuely, and together the team produced a vast, stunning edifice in the form of a fish. Though not fashioned on such a preconception ("This interpretation was made after the design"), the shape honors an old symbol* that early Christians, pushed underground for their heretical beliefs, defiantly scratched on the walls of the Catacombs. Harrison's main purpose in using the design was to avoid inner supports and thus provide an unimpeded view. The sloping walls of the sanctuary, which is 60 ft. high at its peak, support each other; the principle is the same as

that which causes a piece of firm paper to stand when it is creased and placed on edge.

The church has its revered relics, e.g., some hand-wrought nails from war-damaged Coventry Cathedral and a stone from the German castle where Martin Luther hid in 1521 while translating and revising the Greek New Testament. But these rank as no more than details blended into the revolutionary design which, says the Rev. Donald Fisher Campbell, senior pastor, "gives a sense of the presence of the Almighty."

ECOLE DE PARIS

SINCE Louis XIV looked with favor upon the artists of France, Paris has been the capital of the world of art. Great art revolutions spilled out of Paris; great art masters stormed the barricades there, ruled as tastemakers for more than two centuries. In mid-20th century, with France drifting toward ever lesser status as a world power, how does the *Ecole de Paris* stand?

Paris dealers scooped up some \$9,500,000 for their 40,000-odd artists last year; the *Ecole de Paris* remains the most talked about, the most museum-represented "school" in the world. But there are no revolutions, no barricades. There are no new leaders to rank with or even near Picasso and Chagall and Braque. There is a group of talented artists who paint in styles ranging from realistic to expressionistic, from primitive to symbolic (see color pages). Among the best:

¶ Alfred Manessier. 47 (TIME, Oct. 24, 1955), who was shaken out of his surrealist visions by World War II nightmares, spent four days in 1942 in a Trappist monastery that "transformed" him. Today he tries to "create works which reflect my thirst for harmony and

unity." His "meditations in paint" are vivid abstractions that combine warm, bright Fauve-like colors with the restrained forms of cubism.

¶ Jean Dubuffet, the chief barnstormer for "l'art brut" (raw art), who mixes a thick paste of colors with sand and even ashes, constantly changes his style because "I am unstable and anxious." Using as his point of departure children's scrawls and the art of the insane, he is convinced that "art has much to do with madness."

¶ Serge Poliakoff, a gypsy who paints geometric designs and says his "ambition is to speak the truth . . . A red circle is not the sun. It is a red circle."

¶ Bernard Buffet, who once used his mother's torn sheets as canvases, has had the most spectacular success, now owns a château and a Rolls, says "wealth aids my creative spirit; poverty does not necessarily help genius." A painter of contorted, distorted, sad human beings, Buffet is as disillusioned and almost as popular in France as his friend, Novelist François Sagan (see MILESTONES). The opening of his recent retrospective show in Paris, which attracted a total of 40,000 visitors, nearly turned into a riot as his fans mobbed him. Another gallery is now showing seven large Buffet canvases of the life of Joan of Arc.

¶ Georges Mathieu, a shrewd showman (Paris publicity head of United States Lines), who scoots about in a 1924 Rolls, stuffs his mouth with diced raw beef like a kid gobbling popcorn. His self-dubbed "spontaneous creations" are flashy signatures squeezed in a frenzy straight from the paint tubes onto one-tone backgrounds.

¶ Edouard Pignon, who went from coal mining and a Citroën assembly line to painting Picasso-flavored landscapes, now adds a lyrical personal tempo to his semi-abstractions. A neat, natural talent whose 1957 oils convey the Mediterranean joy, light and life of a little resort near Marseilles, Pignon is currently on view both in Paris' Galerie de France and Manhattan's Perls Galleries.

¶ André Bauchant, for many years a gardener, whose paintings in the primitive tradition of Henri Rousseau show his love of trees and flowers.

¶ Balthus (real name: Balthasar Klossowsky), who comes from a wealthy, art-minded Polish aristocratic family. He started painting at 16, insists "an artist should remain anonymous," keeps within the realist tradition. He snaps back at those who attack his studies of young girls as Freudian and sinister with: "Maybe it is the people who look at them, and not my paintings, that are sinister, erotic and morbid."

¶ Jean Bazaine, an outstanding abstractionist, who often listens to classical music as he works, produces calm harmonies of rhythmic, flowing color patterns.

These upperclassmen among Paris' 40,000 are winning international prizes and winning acceptance. But in the contemporary class of the *Ecole de Paris*, with wide range, without new movements, no new genius has been recognized. Said Paris

* The letters in the Greek word for fish, ἰχθύς, are the initials for "Jesus Christ, God's Son, Saviour."



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, BENJAMIN & DAVID SCHARP'S FUND

"COW WITH SUBTLE NOSE" (1954), by School of Paris' top shocker, ex-Merchant Jean Dubuffet, 56, has clumpy effect owing to cracked oil-enamel base.

"COMPOSITION," painted in 1956 by Russian-born Serge Poliakoff, 52, onetime nightclub guitarist, interlocks puzzle shapes to convey man's solitude in nature.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, GIFT OF M. KNEISLER & CO.



PRIVATE COLLECTION



"TETE DE CLOWN" (1955) is gloomy, depressing, typical of work by Bernard Buffet, Paris' youngest (29) top-ranker, who says: "The grimace of the clown is perhaps the true face of man."

"MONT-JOIE SAINT DENIS!," titled after medieval French battle cry, was painted in 1954 by angry Georges Mathieu, 36, who fights the world by smearing his canvases, uses battle-related titles to add to impact of his work.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, GIFT OF MR. & MRS. HARRIS COKE





"CUEILLETTE DE JASMIN" (1955), done in Matisse-like simplicity, is by temperamental onetime Coal Miner Edouard Pignon, 53.

GALERIE DE FRANCE

"L'ORAGE" (1956), fresh, primitive work by Realist André Bauchant, 84, preaches that "the downpour surprises men but enriches nature."

PRIVATE COLLECTION



"JEUNE FILLE LISANT" (1957), by Balthus, 50, self-taught realist, dramatizes his preoccupation with lonely, bored children, evolves from his own adolescent days spent in solitude and endless introspection.

HENRIETTE GOMES, PARIS



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



"THE FLAME AND THE DIVER" (1953) is typical use of color patterns by Jean Bazaine, 53, one of School of Paris' most noted members, who holds that art "is inseparable from man and man is inseparable from the world."

Art Critic Alain Jouffroy: "Paris once was a volcano. It is now gradually turning into a big circus." Although there are many new performers in that circus, the best acts are the work of an older generation.

A Dali Worthy of Dali

Needle-mustached Salvador Dali raised his enameled walking stick and issued the judgment of a connoisseur. "It is the greatest painting since Raphael," he proclaimed. "As a matter of fact, it is very much like Raphael." He was referring to *Santiago el Grande* (*Saint James the Great*), a huge tribute in meticulously brushed oils to Spain's military patron saint. It was painted in five months by the artist that Salvador Dali calls the world's "great genius"—Salvador Dali.

Fashioned after Dali's dream of Santiago rising from the sea, the 13½-ft.-high by 10-ft.-wide canvas shows the saint on a rearing horse. The domelike background represents both a scallop shell (one of the symbols of Santiago) and "a whole cathedral surging from the waters." It is strikingly different from the popular Spanish depiction of Santiago as a plumed knight. While the saint waves aloft a figure of Christ instead of a sword, he throws one enormous foot out to the viewer. "It is my foot," says Dali. "I have saintly feet."

Artist Dali said that his new masterpiece has been bought for more than \$60,000 by an American Hispanophile who intends to give it to the Spanish government. Last week the painting was packed up in Manhattan's Knoedler Galleries for shipment to the Brussels World's Fair. There it will hang alone in a special Spanish-pavilion annex. The Franco regime will celebrate the fair's inauguration by issuing a commemorative postage stamp bearing a reproduction of the Dali work. Later, said Catalan-born Artist Dali, the painting will go to Spain's "majestic temple of pure, classic lines, worthy of my work, the Escorial, and there, in its full dignity, it shall guard Philip II."



Carstairs Gallery

DETAIL FROM "SANTIAGO EL GRANDE"
"I have saintly feet."



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Scoreboard

¶ Irish Ron Delany was jogging along in fine style when he heard the announcer report that Pacesetter Phil Coleman had finished the first three-quarters of the Bankers' Mile at the Chicago Relays in a fast 3:05. "I was only a stride behind," said Ron, and I could feel the energy flowing. I decided this was it." So the 22-year-old Villanova senior ran all out for the one thing that has been missing from his swift career on the track: a world record. He broke the tape in 4:03.4, two-tenths of a second faster than any man had ever run an indoor mile before.

¶ Overflowing with swimming talent as always, Yale Coach Bob Kipthut took a couple of flipper-footed juniors to the Eastern Intercollegiate championships at Annapolis and saw them collect three titles apiece. Burly Roger Anderson accounted for the 100-, 200- and 440-yd. free-style championships; slim Tim Jecko splashed off with the 100- and 200-yd. butterfly and the 200-yd. individual medley as well.

¶ Although their only national champion, Épée Expert James Margolis, was sidelined with a pulled tendon, Columbia University swordsmen lunged across the ballroom of The Bronx's Concourse Plaza Hotel with such swashbuckling skill that they piled up 71 points in foil, épée and saber bouts, and won the three-weapon intercollegiate title. Second: N.Y.U. with 66.

¶ The Fish and Wildlife Service reported an alltime record sale of 19,276,767 fishing licenses and 14,618,416 hunting licenses in fiscal 1957. California, which led the U.S. in fishermen, reported a sobering development: the recession has driven its hunters to poaching deer out of season to put meat on the family table.



Douglas Rowdewald—LIFE
CHESS CHAMPION FISCHER
He agrees that he's great.

Master Bobby

In the cosmopolitan cant of chess players, it is legend that masters of the game are all *meshuga*—Yiddish for a little batty. But when they talk of Brooklyn's Bobby Fischer, the newly crowned U.S. champion, the kibitzers are moved to uncommon awe. Bobby, they declare, is *ganz meshuga*, which is to say that he is quite addled. Though he celebrated his 15th birthday only last week, he already shows all the marks of the great grand masters of one of the oldest, most intricate games known to man.

As to his greatness, Bobby himself agrees. A floppy, abrupt young gangleshank, he stumbles through the physical world of school and subways and summer vacations in a tangle of arms and legs not quite under control. But in the neatly ordered empire of the chessboard, he moves with vast precision. Swiftly he picks his way among the possibilities; haughtily he sidesteps the traps. Experts compare his aggressive, scientific style to that of Russia's famed Alekhine, his flair for combinations to the touch of the U.S. master, Morphy. He eclipsed such comparative greybeards as Samuel Reshevsky, 46, and Arthur Bisguier, 28, to win the U.S. title. The *Fédération Internationale des Echecs* made a special gesture of naming him an International Master of Chess. Said Bobby last week in his adolescent whine: "They shoulda made me a Grand Master."

Win, Win, Win. "None of the great ones ever accomplished so much so early," says Hans Kmoch, secretary of the Manhattan Chess Club, where Bobby practices. The son of parents who were divorced when he was two, Bobby grew up under his mother's wing, learned the moves of chess from his older sister at the age of six. By the time he was nine, he played day and night, studied every chess book and magazine he could get his eager hands on. He was already beating most adults he could cajole into a game.

Bobby Fischer has always worked at his chess with deadly intensity—an un-kempt kid, his hazel eyes glowering beneath a snarl of mouse-brown hair as he systematically plotted checkmate after checkmate. As a tyro, he bawled whenever he lost, and he did not present himself at the high-pressure Manhattan Chess Club until he was sure he could handle just about any man in the place. He was then all of twelve years old.

Bobby rapidly demonstrated his gift for Rapid Transit (a form of chess that allows only ten seconds per move) and Blitz (which allows no time but the split second for actually moving a piece). But after having been beaten just once, he never entered another of the club's Rapid Transit contests. If he could not win, he would not play.

A Hit in the Head. Bobby is credited by Annator Kmoch with "the Game of the Century"—one that chess buffs retrace in slack-jawed admiration. It marked the

boy's upset victory over Donald Byrne in last year's Lessing J. Rosenwald tournament. After a safe and careful opening that left him in a cramped position with no particular advantage, Bobby broke up the game with an ingenious exhibition of combination play.



White (Byrne)	Black (Fischer)
11. Q—R3	N—R5
12. P x N	N x N
13. B x P	Q—N3
14. B—B4	N x QBP
15. B—B5	KR—K1 ck
16. K—B1	B—K3
17. B x Q	B x B ck
18. K—N1	N—K7 ck
19. K—B1	N x P ck
20. K—B1	N—K7 ck
21. K—B1	N—B6 ck
22. K—N1	P x B
23. Q—N4	R—R5
24. Q x P	N x R
25. P—KR3	R x P
26. K—R2	N x P

Sitting over the board like an under-aged Buddha, Bobby fiendishly kept offering piece after major piece for sacrifice—but each move held a pitfall that Byrne avoided. Then, on his 15th move, the boy seemed to botch the game. Old Master Sam Reshevsky watched him take one of Byrne's pawns with a knight, and muttered: "Now he's busted." But Bobby knew better. Later he said: "Byrne was playing pretty good, and then I gave him a hit in the head." It was a blow from which Byrne could not recover. After the 27th move, Bobby's mop-up of his opponent's shattered forces was routine.

Away from the chessboard, Bobby barely tolerates the world around him. An indifferent sophomore at Brooklyn's Erasmus Hall High, he professes a certain interest in astronomy, prehistoric animals, hypnotism—"all that sort of stuff"—but admits to no urge toward higher education or any aspiration but more chess. To the annoyance of his sponsors at the Manhattan Chess Club, he has turned up his nose at the club tournament. Now that he is in the big time, Bobby can't be bothered. Winning the U.S. title makes him eligible for the interzonal finals this summer in Yugoslavia. And a good showing against the tough competition there would make him a potential challenger for the world championship—a title now being decided in Moscow between the defending champion, Russia's Vassily



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Smyslov, and his countryman, Mikhail Botvinnik.

Although he has no idea who will pay the bills to get him even as far as Yugoslavia, Bobby is so sure that he will get to Russia that he has already begun studying Russian.

Ladies' Day

After a winter of high winds and rain-soaked, skittery greens wherever they played, the leg-weary lady golf pros straggled into Augusta, Ga. last week for the \$5,000 Titleholders championship, climax of the Southern campaign. Their luck was still bad. The weather would have discouraged a Marlboro man.

The temperature dropped and the breeze freshened. Rain was all that was needed to turn each tightly trapped, tree-shrouded fairway of the Augusta Country Club into a sea of trouble—and the rains came. Newcomers to the brooding pressure of the tournament circuit knew the jitters that separate the golfers from the girls. "I know how they feel," said Veteran Fay Crocker, 43. "When you know you've got to make that putt if you're going to eat, the cup just closes up on you."

The tension told in the first round. Young challengers fell fast, and suddenly the old pros seemed to be playing by themselves. California's Beverly Hanson, a lanky, bespectacled stylist, snuggled into her candy-striped long Johns and shot a surprising par 72. "I'm a hot-weather golfer," drawled Beverly, "but thanks to this dandy underwear, I've had a very good winter." Right behind her, only a stroke off, plodded the broad-beamed champion herself—affable Patty Berg, 40, seven-time winner and still favorite despite a painful trick knee.

If distaff pro golf is rugged on the course, it is not much fun off the course either. There is no time for home or family, no real opportunity for the single girls to find male companionship. Spare moments see the shared motel rooms fringed with drying laundry and the corner table swept clear for a pale respite of gin rummy. Sometimes movies will help kill the evening if local enthusiasts do not come through with a cocktail party—but always for the ladies, the 19th hole is the toughest.

And only the front runners reap reasonable rewards. Such pros as Patty Berg and Louise Suggs have profitable contracts with sporting-goods manufacturers, and their tournament winnings (as much as \$20,000 a year) more than cover their expenses. But once they start losing, they, too, will have to start scrambling for cash.

The meager prospect of reward left no room for fun or friendship last week as eyes watered and red noses ran from the cold. Bev Hanson hesitated for one nervous afternoon in the second round and dropped to fourth, came back next day to grab the lead. She finished with a 72-hole total of 299, coasting home in her dandy underwear to her first Titleholders title, five strokes in front of Texan Betty Dodd, eight ahead of Defender Berg.



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Oh Lord!—& Taylor!

It was a sunny Sunday in Manhattan, and a U.S. businessman took some visiting Japanese friends on a stroll along Fifth Avenue. At the eye-beguiling window displays of Lord & Taylor's department store, they paused appreciatively, then froze in shocked surprise. Kwannon the Merciful, Buddhist avatar of the 33 manifestations, deliverer from dangers of the sword, fetters, fire, water, demons, goblins and enemies, stood in the window, sore beset. Arrows had been shot at Kwannon. A dozen or so protruded from the flowered tapestry behind the figure; one had apparently lodged in Kwannon's head.

The room represented in the window display was described as a den or game room, and it looked like a battleground of Eastern serenity and Western fun. A long, low Oriental couch was strewn with playing cards; an antique charcoal brazier was topped by a game of checkers; poker chips were stacked on a nest of delicate tables. A Siamese temple deity served for a game of quills—several had ringed its head and upraised hand. A placard announced: "From the Orient—intriguing diversions—has a room ever held such excitement?"

The excitement really began next day. The businessman returned, handed his card to a clerk. On it was tersely written: "Buddhist in window, arrow in head." Up went the complaint to Lord & Taylor President Dorothy Shaver herself. Down went a thunderbolt to the window-display department. Out came the arrows. Last week President Shaver sent letters of apology to the Japanese consul general and to Japan's ambassador to the U.N. "In their enthusiasm for creating an effect," she explained to an inquirer, "the window-display people went too far."

Zarur the Prophet

"Bad things were said against Christ and me," shouted Alzira Zarur on the air in Rio de Janeiro. For all the bad things a lot of people are saying about Zarur, the plump, balding, 43-year-old writer is running the fastest-growing new religious movement in Brazil. Its name is Boa Vontade (Good Will), but it might as well be Bonanza. With the cruzeiros rolling in, the movement owns a Rio de Janeiro radio station, two magazines (total circ. 200,000), choice Rio real estate, and claims more than a quarter million followers.

Born Apostle. Zarur was a successful radio scripter when, in 1949, he sat in his usual café and suddenly saw "the figure of a Catholic priest appear, then disappear." Thus Zarur was inspired by the "truth of spiritualism"—which, as a blend of Catholic symbols and African superstitions, is one of the most serious obstacles to the growth of Christianity in Brazil. He dreamed up a new agony radio program called *Hour of Good Will*. Letters poured in dripping with misfortunes and appeals for help, and as Zarur read them over the



BUDDHA IN THE DEW

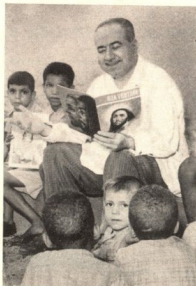
The New York Times

"Has a room ever held such excitement?"

air, he was fascinated by the number of donations they brought in. "Then," says he, "I knew I was a born apostle."

Next year he founded a "spiritualist, nonpolitical Good Will Legion" with 24 aims, ranging from fighting illiteracy and promoting Esperanto to "rehabilitating delinquent girls."

With members' contributions, Prophet Zarur bought whole floors in a Rio office building, hired 120 clerks to handle mail, set up a soup kitchen and a spiritual counseling department, organized a series of "caravans" to tour jails with samba bands and radio singers. One of his most popular radio gimmicks: the "Prayer Chain," a long prayer by Zarur with a pause in the middle for the listener to insert his own



Diários Associados

ZARUR & FOLLOWERS
"I fascinate women."

petition to God. Says Zarur's secretary: "It cures almost anything."

St. Francis Reincarnate. Some of Brazil's religious leaders have begun to worry about the spread of Zarur's movement. Protested Jaime Cardinal de Barros Camara: "The Catholic Church cannot countenance a man who announces himself as the reincarnation of St. Francis of Assisi." Several Protestant churches warned their members against Zarur, and the Spiritualist Federation denied him recognition on the ground that he is causing confusion among the spirits.

Zarur is untroubled by such attacks, has just announced a momentous decision: he is about to get married. "I fascinate women," he explained before a meeting of his closest followers. "Every day I receive dozens of love letters that remain unanswered because of the vow of celibacy that I took. At the time, I needed to dedicate myself to building up our legion, but now the work is done. Jesus told me that celibacy is no longer necessary." Anxious disciples wanted to know whether the marriage (the bride's identity is still secret) would make any difference to the movement. Said Zarur: "Brothers, we will go on being God's workers. Our ideal may even reach inhabitants of other planets."

Other planets have shown no interest, but on this one, the Legion is enrolling new members at the rate of 100 a day.

The Patience of J.B.

For a work so celebrated and so concise, the *Book of Job* seems to be much misunderstood by men in both pew and pulpit. Some think of Job as the paragon of patience; to others, Job appears so impatient that he dares impiety in his insistence that God explain himself. Many Bible scholars see the *Book of Job* as an attempt to justify God's ways to men; but to another school of thought, the book's enormous thesis means simply that no justification is possible—only revelation, before which the man who cries for justice and understanding must "lay his hand upon his mouth." In his new verse-play, *J.B.* (Houghton Mifflin; \$3.50), Poet Archibald MacLeish, two-time Pulitzer Prize winner, adds a new emphasis to Job's epic ordeal—a justification of the ways of man to God.

"Those Eyes See." The scene is a corner of a vast circus tent, where there is a platform for a sideshow. ("Clothes that have the look of vestments of many churches and times have been left about.") Enter Mr. Zuss and Nickles, actors once, now a couple of old circus vendors in white caps and jackets, Mr. Zuss selling balloons, Nickles selling popcorn.

In a few sharp, character-etching lines, MacLeish gets them onto the platform, which turns out to be "heaven" in a play about Job that is regularly performed there. They find the masks the regular actors use, and turn themselves into God (Mr. Zuss) and Old Nick himself. The familiar words of the Bible begin to issue from their mouths. "Whence comest thou?" asks God. "From going to and fro in the earth," Satan replies, "and from

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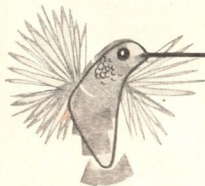
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walking up and down in it . . ." But with a roar, Nickles wrenches off his Satan mask and stares at it. "Those eyes see . . . They see the world. They do. They see it . . . I know what Hell is now—to see."

Below them on the stage, the cast—J.B. and his family—appears ("Well, that's our pigeon," says Mr. Zuss). As the agony of J.B. unfolds before them, Nickles and Zuss constantly break into the action with a double dialectic—Divine Creator v. Destroyer, human hope (flavored with priggishness) v. despair (flavored with compassion). Sings Nickles:

*I heard upon his dry dung heap
That man cry out who cannot sleep:
"If God is God He is not good,
If God is good He is not God . . ."*

To Be Forgiven? J.B. is a banker, the richest man in town, respected by all and loved by his wife Sarah and their children, David, Mary, Jonathan, Ruth and Rebecca. They eat a Thanksgiving turkey, talk about God and gratitude. Then the disasters strike. Playwright MacLeish manages them deftly with a tabloid editor's eye for sordid shock effect and a flexible poetic line to match. Two drunken soldiers blurt out news of the death of David; a news cameraman snaps a picture of J.B. and Sarah while a reporter is telling them that Mary and Jonathan have been killed in an auto accident; two cops break the news of Ruth's murder by a sex maniac. Rebecca is killed when J.B.'s bank blows up, and Nickles waits expectantly for J.B. to kill himself.

*God has forgotten what a man can do
Once his body hurts him—once
Pain has penned him in where only
Pain has room to breathe. He learns!
He learns to spit his broken teeth out—
Spit the dirty world out—spit!*

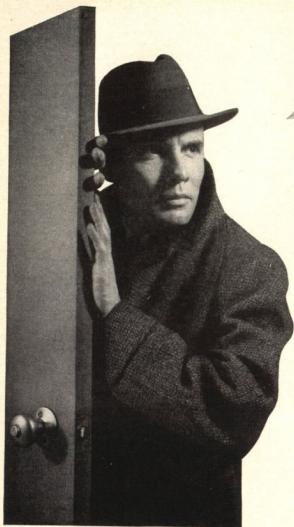
Destitute, deserted, covered by rags and sores, J.B. receives the Three Comforters of the Bible. MacLeish makes Zophar a broken-down priest, Eliphaz a wreck of a doctor and Bildad a soapbox-orating Communist. Guilt is their subject, and each tries to explain it away in his own fashion, but J.B. cries:

*Guilt matters. Guilt must always matter.
Unless guilt matters the whole world is
Meaningless. God too is nothing.*

In the final, climactic confrontation of J.B. with God, MacLeish sticks close to Scripture, and the Bible provides the best poetry in the play. But in the scene that follows, MacLeish shifts the emphasis from God's glory to man's heroic acceptance. Says Mr. Zuss:

*As though Job's suffering were justified
Not by the Will of God but Job's
Acceptance of God's Will . . .
He understood and he forgave it! . . .
Who's the judge in judgment there?
Who plays the hero, God or him?
Is God to be forgiven?*

Nickles may speak for Author MacLeish himself when he answers: "Isn't he? Job was innocent, you may remember."



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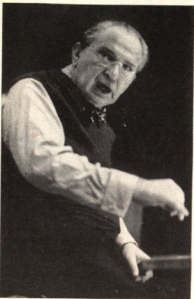


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MUSIC

The Boys from Budapest

Conductors Eugene Ormandy, 58, and Fritz Reiner, 69, are two boys from Budapest, but musically they have never talked the same language. Ormandy's orchestral speech is as rich and gusty as Reiner's is precise and lucid; Ormandy's Philadelphia Orchestra is famed for its massive sweep and sumptuous sound, Reiner's Chicago Symphony for its fine articulation and meticulous attack. Last week the two Hungarians swapped podiums



Paul George Schutzer
CONDUCTOR REINER
In one hand a scaple.

and gave their audiences a fascinating demonstration of how quickly a first-rate conductor can teach a first-rate orchestra to talk his own idiom.

Fire & Ice. When short, balding Conductor Ormandy stepped before the Orchestra Hall audience, he had only two rehearsals under his belt. He had decided on a "good box office" program of standards: Bach's *C Minor Passacaglia* and *Fugue*, Beethoven's *Symphony No. 7*, Brahms's *Symphony No. 1*.

Unlike Reiner, Ormandy uses no baton. He swiveled and swayed on the podium, sweeping his arms in long, scythelike motions, which blurred individual phrases but drew from his orchestra the longspan melodic line that is Ormandy's chief delight. The audience applauded briskly, and most critics splashed their reviews with such words as "energetic," "singing," "blazing." But for all the blaze, Ormandy's tempi were questionable, and his lush handling of the strings in the Bach reminded Chicago *Sun-Times* Critic Robert C. Marsh of "chocolate syrup" with "a whipped-cream decoration." Ormandy achieved a far more polished and impressive performance with his second program,

again including Beethoven's *Seventh* and William Schuman's *Credendum*.

While Ormandy was in Chicago, mandarin-faced Conductor Reiner walked onto the stage of Philadelphia's Academy of Music, acknowledged the orchestra's standing tribute with a frozen smile and launched into a program that included Berlioz' *Overture to Beatrice and Benedict*, Mozart's "*Linz*" *Symphony*, Ravel's *Rapsodie Espagnole*, Prokofiev's *Symphony No. 5*. Although Reiner had rehearsed the orchestra only three times, his performance was a stunning revelation.

In place of Ormandy's impressionistic tonal colors and blurred instrumental outlines, Reiner offered a lyrically transparent reading in which every phrase stood out as though etched with scalpel. The tempi were firm as bedrock, the contrasts brilliantly modulated. In both Philadelphia and Carnegie Hall, where he repeated the program, Reiner ticked off the beat with tiny flicks of his baton. To his audiences he revealed sculptured details that many had never heard before.

Praise & Blame. Conductors Ormandy and Reiner are as different in personality as they are in artistic approach. Ormandy maintains a casual attitude toward his men, is quick to praise and slow to blame, has been known to accept suggestions from visiting soloists. Reiner is as tough on visiting artists (a current bitter antagonist: Artur Schnabel) as on his own men. He rarely forgives an error. When annoyed, he is apt to reduce his always small beat even further, which once prompted a cellist to bring a telescope to rehearsal ("I'm looking for the beat," he explained). "To Reiner," says a man who has played under him, "the orchestra is like a piano. If a key sticks, he kicks it."

After their guest stints were over last week, Conductors Reiner and Ormandy were loud in their compliments for their orchestras. Said Reiner of the Philadelphia: "They can do anything!" Said Ormandy of the Chicago: "One of the great orchestras in the country!"

'Bye, Champagne Charlie

The 16 men of the Harvard Glee Club ranged themselves in a semicircle on Boston's Jamaica Plain and began to serenade the ladies in the lighted window above. They warbled songs like *Mother, I'm Slowly Dying* and *The Man in the Moon's Ball*. Midway through, they were interrupted by a band of town boys who made rude noises on wind instruments, unhitched the Harvards' horses and sent them trudging on foot back to Cambridge. That was in Harvard's musical infancy. Last week the glee club assembled again (present membership: 135) to celebrate its centennial with the help of the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The program: Bach's *B Minor Mass*.

The Harvard Glee Club long ago abandoned the Cambridge equivalent of Whiffenpooping to campus groups like the

Dunster Dunces and the Krokodiles, and has become one of the finest choral groups in the U.S. The man who started to lead the Harvards to serious music in 1912 (despite the anguished protests of many an old alumnus) was Conductor Archibald Thompson Davison. The man who has kept them up to the mark is G. Wallace ("Woody") Woodworth, and last week he too celebrated an anniversary: his 25th year as glee club conductor. Woody himself went out for the club as a Harvard freshman, was firmly turned down by Conductor Davison, who told him: "With your ear, you ought to be playing drums in the band." He nevertheless wangled a



CONDUCTOR ORMANDY
In the other a scythe.

job as assistant accompanist, earned an M. A. in music and a job in the music department before succeeding Davison.

Harvard's glee club today has the largest repertoire of any college glee club in the land: 169 works in English, Latin, French, Italian, Tagalog and German. It has recorded Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, and works by such varied composers as Gabrieli, Piston, Byrd, Randall Thompson, Hindemith, Palestrina, Berlioz. Its concerts with the Boston Symphony have become city fixtures. This year, as every year, the club will perform in clubs, museums and theaters from Cambridge to Texas (48 concerts), will leave after final exams for a European tour. It performs for pay (\$200 to \$1,400 a concert), this year is operating on a budget of more than \$20,000.

Much of the glee club's effectiveness derives from Woody Woodworth's genius for making the choral literature exciting. A sharp-featured, intense man, he throws himself into his work with such flamboyant enthusiasm that one Boston Symphony musician watching him conduct last week said wonderingly: "Who does he think he is—Koussevitzky?" Conductor



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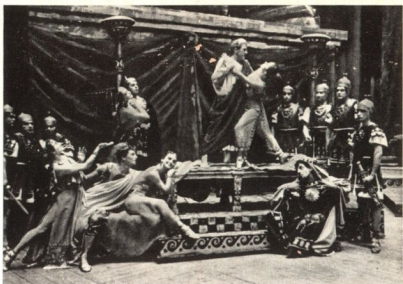


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SCENE FROM BOLSHOI'S "SPARTACUS"
Off pointe and on to a striptease.

Savafoto

Charles Munch once commented: "It is a joy to make music with them." To Woody, a greater joy is the knowledge that, partly thanks to his group, no college glee club worthy of the name can any longer get by with *Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral* and *Champagne Charlie*.

New Line at the Bolshoi

"Physical training!" snorted one elderly Russian balletomane, stomping out of Moscow's cavernous Bolshoi Theater. "Pantomime!" jeered another. Inside, the spectators traded insults for a full 15 minutes after the final curtain. Source of their excitement: a new ballet entitled *Spartacus*, marking the first major departure from the classic choreographic style in which Russian ballet has been frozen on pointe for 30 years.

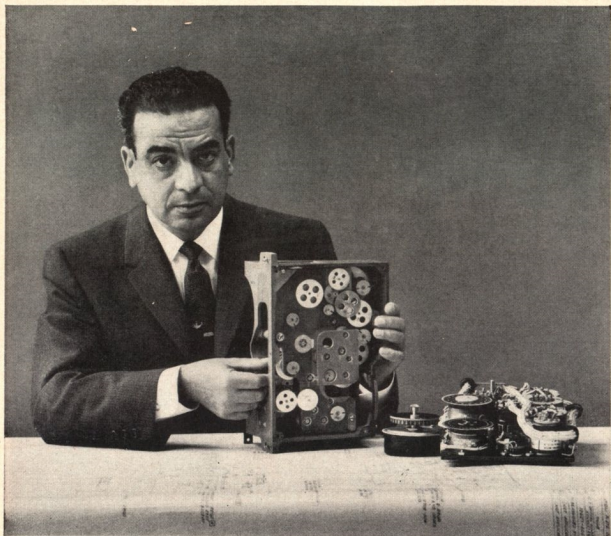
After famed, reforming Choreographer Michel Fokine finally left Russia in 1918, the country's ballet degenerated for a time into choreographed political posters, continued to develop impressive technical skill. But it lived in a world apart from the fresh dance ideas that swept through Europe and the U.S. Later, the major companies commissioned works by modern composers, including Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Khachaturian, but all three tailored their music to the classic choreographic idiom. The Russians' failure in modern productions became most evident during the Bolshoi Ballet's otherwise hugely successful 1956 season at London's Covent Garden. The company expertly paraded such gorgeous old floas as *Swan Lake* and *Giselle*, but was peppered by the critics for the lack of imagination and heaviness of its scattered newer works. Back home, Russian choreographers petitioned the Ministry of Culture for a freer hand, and surprisingly, the Ministry agreed that "the many-sided variety of Soviet life is insufficiently reflected in ballet." *Spartacus*, music by Aram Khachaturian and choreog-

raphy by Igor Moiseyev, scarcely intends to hold the mirror up to Soviet life, but it opens the window on a gaudy, gamy world rarely dreamed of by Moscow audiences.

Scrapping the Clichés. The Bolshoi's new extravaganza, with its 400 onstage musicians and dancers, tells the story of Rome's slave uprising as outlined by Salust and Plutarch, ending in the betrayal and death of the slaves' leader, the gladiator Spartacus (a favorite historical character of Karl Marx). Composer Khachaturian, a Stalin Prizewinner, diplomatically finds the ballet apt "at a time when many peoples are fighting for liberation and colonial rule is crumbling."

The opening-night audience stared poyed at some choice Saturnalia and orgies, at an Egyptian belly dance and a Greek striptease, at gladiatorial combat in the arena. In his experimental dance technology, Moiseyev brilliantly scrapped most of the cliché-laden movements and figures of Russian classical ballet, while retaining classical techniques of body control. Moreover, Moiseyev did away with the traditional counterpoint between soloist and *corps de ballet*, made mass dancing the ballet's main feature ("My hero," says Moiseyev, "is the masses").

Troubling the Audience. If *Spartacus* should prove the beginning of a revolution in Russian ballet, the Bolshoi Company clearly has the talent and technique to extend it. Most of the first-rate young dancers in last week's production (including Julia May Scott, daughter of an American Negro and a Russian mother) were unknown to the West. They were drawn from the *corps de ballet* on the theory that they would be less hidebound by classical technique than the older dancers (an exception: famed Soloist Maya Plisetskaya, dancing the courtesan Aegina). Lavishly supported by the government, the Bolshoi currently has some 250 regular dancers and mimes, including what is probably



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the most brilliant collection of soloists in the world.

Heading the list is the legendary Galina Ulanova, who at 47 has slowed down to an average of three ballets a month, but whose free-flowing line and effortless technique are still unmatched by any other dancer in the company. Ready to replace her are Maya Plisetskaya, 31, with her forceful, passionate style and broad, floating leaps; Raissa Struchkova, also 31, whose style in such a work as *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai* is warmly brilliant

rather than deeply emotional; Marina Kondratieva, a rising star at 23, whose lightness and lyrical qualities make her a notable Cinderella.

Undisturbed by the traditionalist reaction against *Spartacus*, the Bolshoi is planning to encourage the shorter ballet form that has been the vehicle for most new choreographic ideas in the West. Says Artistic Director Alexander Tomsy: "We are not after a ballet that merely delights the eye; we are for ballet of deep feeling. We want to trouble the audience."

MILESTONES

Born. To Lew Hoad, 23, Australian pro tennis star, and Jennifer Hoad, 23; their second child, second daughter; in Melbourne. Weight: 7 lbs. 12 oz.

Born. To Princess Grace of Monaco, 28, and Prince Rainier, 34; their second child, first son; in Monaco. Name: Albert Alexandre Louis Pierre. Weight: 8 lbs. 12 oz. (see PEOPLE).

Born. To Lord Ogilvy, 31, heir to the 300-year-old earldom of Airlie, and Lady Ogilvy, 25, the former Virginia Fortune Ryan, daughter of New York Socialite John B. Ryan, granddaughter of the late Banker Otto Kahn, great-granddaughter of Financier Thomas Fortune Ryan; their third child, first son; in London.

Married. Françoise Sagan (real name: Françoise Quirrez), 22, bestselling French novelist (*Bonjour Tristesse*, *A Certain Smile*), who has often expressed the belief that young girls should marry men in their 40s; and Guy Schoeller, 42, her publisher, to whom she dedicated her third book (*Those Without Shadows*); she for the first time, he for the second; in Paris.

Divorced. By Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, 38, Shah of Iran; Soraya, 25, his Queen; in Tehran (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Woop (real name: William Wolpe), 54, German-born French political cartoonist (*L'Aurore*); of a coronary thrombosis; in Neuilly-sur-Seine.

Died. Air Force Brigadier General James W. McCauley, 57, vice commander of the Eastern Air Defense Force, architect of air warning systems, World War II commander of the 70th Fighter Wing (Europe); of a heart attack; at Stewart Air Force Base, Newburgh, N.Y.

Died. Leopold H. Lorraine, 61, a Habsburg archduke, grandnephew of Emperor Franz Josef of Austria, who renounced his titles to become a U.S. citizen; an extra in Hollywood, later a maintenance man at the American Screw Co. plant in Willimantic, Conn.; of cancer; in Willimantic.

Died. Giuseppe Romita, 71, post-World War II Italian Cabinet minister, anti-Communist Socialist who once shouted in

a party convention: "We have become just the boot cleaners of the Communists, who—if the truth were known—are highly amused with our efforts to discover our soul," later led an intraparty revolt against Communist ties; in Rome.

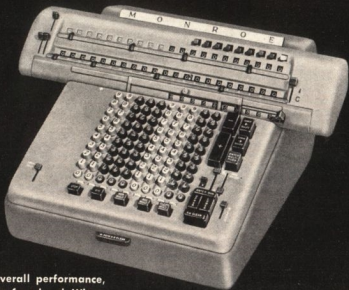
Died. Wang Chung-hui, 77, jurist, statesman, first Foreign Affairs Minister of the Chinese Nationalist Republic, onetime judge on the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, World War II Secretary-General of China's Supreme National Defense Council, onetime Chief Justice (appointed 1920) of the Supreme Court of China; after long illness; in Taipei, Formosa. Born in Canton, educated at Peiyang University, Yale University and in Europe, ubiquitous Scholar Wang was author of the standard English translation of the German Civil Code, onetime co-editor of the *Journal of the American Bar Association*, pen behind the *Yueh Fa* (China's modernized code of laws).

Died. John J. Dempsey, 78, Democratic Congressman from New Mexico and the state's former two-term (1943-47) governor; of complications following a virus infection; in Washington. Once a vice president of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, Jack Dempsey moved west, served New Mexico in the U.S. Congress from 1935 to 1941, again since 1951, last month pushed through an amendment that calls for the immediate beginning of construction on one of his pet projects: the \$37 million Navajo Dam in the Upper Colorado Basin.

Died. Princess Ingeborg of Sweden, 79, daughter of Frederik VIII of Denmark, widow of Prince Carl (who turned down the Norwegian crown), mother-in-law of Norway's King Olaf V and Denmark's Prince Axel; in Stockholm.

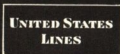
Died. Rush Roberts (also known as Fancy Eagle), 98, last survivor of the 100 Pawnee scouts recruited by the U.S. Army in the autumn of 1876 to help avenge the death of General George A. Custer; in Pawnee, Okla. The expeditions assisted by the Pawnees were moderately successful, but never got the best of the Sioux victors of the Little Bighorn River: Chief Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Morning After

(See Cover)

The ides of March came and went last week, and brought with it the most widespread depression talk in a decade. The sound and fury were touched off by publication of the unemployment totals for February, showing 5,173,000, or 6.7% of the labor force,* out of work, considerably more than in the 1953-54 downturn, but about the same as in the 1948-49 recession.

To add to the gloom, the latest production estimates from the Federal Reserve showed a three-point drop to 130 on the index in February, a total six-point decline since the first of the year. All told, industrial production was down 17 points from the 1956 peak, a slightly bigger drop than during the 1953-54 recession.

To top off the bad news, the Commerce Department announced that personal income had edged down (though still above that of a year ago), and the Securities and Exchange Commission revised its estimates of capital expenditures for new plant and equipment. Last December SEC estimated that plant expansion, roaring along at a rate of \$37.5 billion in 1957's final quarter, would taper off to \$35.5 billion in first-quarter 1958 as many in-

dustries approached their expansion goals. Now it forecasts a first-quarter rate down to \$34 billion. Second-quarter estimate: down another \$1.5 billion to \$32.5 billion, with some pessimists even predicting a further drop to \$30 billion during the rest of 1958.

The Calm View. For all these woeful tidings, U.S. businessmen worried less than the politicians about the recession (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). Businessmen did not brush the facts under the rug, but their anxieties were generally more for "the other guy" than for their own business. They saw no long slide but talked of the decline as the "saucer recession"—a curving dip to a level bottom and a climb on the other side. They viewed the now-dwindling inventory surpluses as a natural result of years of postwar expansion to keep pace with ever-growing markets—and considered this situation as a normal hangover caused by an inflationary binge.

Said Board Chairman Paul L. Davies of San Francisco's \$300 million-a-year Food Machinery & Chemical Corp., who expects a rise in volume but a dip in profits in 1958: "My feeling is that recession within bounds is healthy. We have been in a boom economy since 1946. The pause will make us more efficient and competitive after setting new records for capital expansion. We need a breather for the economy to catch up with us. It will be healthy if it runs a year."

If business was not alarmed, neither was the U.S. public, though never had a stumbling economy been so widely discussed or so vigilantly watched. While the recessions of 1940 and 1954 went largely unnoticed, this time it was Topic A from club car to subway strap. It spawned some wry gags, such as the Recession Cocktail

(Business on the Rocks) and new definitions, e.g., the difference between recession and depression ("A recession is when you lose your job, a depression when I lose mine"). Yet, like businessmen, the average consumer seemed more worried about his neighbor than himself.

Last week a Federal Reserve study of consumer finances showed that "while many consumers were pessimistic about business conditions, very few expected their own incomes to decline. Nearly three-quarters expected to be making as much or more at the beginning of next year; only one-tenth expected their rate of earnings to decline." Though consumers in 1958 plan to buy fewer houses, heavy appliances and new cars, the survey noted, they will spend more on used cars, furniture and home modernization. Retail sales for the year are 2% ahead of 1957, with a fat 7% increase in department-store sales to start off March.

Stumbling Bull. This calm view of the recession was reflected in normally jittery Wall Street. The bull market had been the first to take fright last year. After hitting a July peak of 522.77 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, only a shadow below the alltime high, the bull started to slip, stumbled to his knees in October, when the average hit 419.79. As a result, shrewd investors have long since discounted the current news.

Aircraft (down 24%), auto (down 18%), oil, railroad, heavy-machine stocks took a bad licking last year as investors switched into defensive issues such as utilities, food, tobacco and finance companies. Yet, when the selling was heaviest, many a coolheaded investor decided that the news was not that bad and started buying again. Since then, the market has

* One remarkable thing about the statistic was what the Labor Department calls a "fantastic" 428,000 increase in the labor force in February, when the labor force normally shows no increase. Thus, a huge part of the jobless rise was not due to layoffs; it was due to the fact that teen-agers, wives and old folks went looking for jobs (generally unsuccessfully) when the main breadwinner was laid off, adding to the statistical unemployed.



APPLICANTS FOR UNEMPLOYMENT COMPENSATION AT GARY, IND.
For all the woes, money for boats and money for bargains.

Arthur Siegel

seesawed cautiously higher; stocks on the Dow-Jones average ranged between 438 and 451 in January; 436 and 458 in February, closed at 453.04 last week, 33.25 points above the October low.

Today Wall Street is looking to a brighter future. Experts expect that trading will be slow for the rest of the year, that stocks will seesaw in a narrow range. The big test of whether the market has seen its low will come in the next six weeks, when companies release their first-quarter earnings. Railroads, copper and other metals, already hard hit in 1957, are not likely to improve. Nevertheless, Wall Street feels that the basis is being laid for a rise in late 1958 and 1959. One clue is the widening spread between stock dividends and bond yields. In July, when stock prices were high, bonds yielded only .32% less than stocks; today, with stock prices much lower (and bond prices higher), stocks pay up to 1.17% more than bonds, are thus more attractive buys.

No one predicts that the bull will soon jump to his feet and start pawing the ground again. He will first need a heavy feeding of richer sales and earnings. Yet many investors are buying such stocks as U.S. Steel, Montgomery Ward, Libbey-Owens-Ford for the long pull. Says San Francisco Investment Broker George Davis of Davis, Skaggs & Co.: "These stocks are being bought by men with eyes over the hump, while the others are all moaning about 'what a fix we're in.'"

Compass Points. The fix the U.S. is in was primarily caused by the catastrophic drop in auto sales and the extreme cuts by many industries in inventories and production (see chart). Another characteristic of the 1958 recession is that it is spotty and regional.

NEW ENGLAND, whose chronically ill textile industry has been in bad shape for years, is in deepening recession despite a flood of new electronics plants. Unemployment claims are 100% higher than last year at this time; auto sales are down sharply; and retail business, which was ahead for January (up 3%), took a sudden 29% drop during the February snows, has not yet recovered. Yet mortgage foreclosures are still at a minimum, and such a sensitive economic barometer as New England's winter-sport industry shows a 12% increase.

NEW YORK-LONG ISLAND AREA, with its growing suburbia, has still to feel a serious recession pinch. In the metropolitan area, jobs were climbing again after a January dip until nipped by the garment strike, and upstate unemployment is edging down. In Long Island's booming Nassau and Suffolk Counties, which had been hard-hit by cutbacks in defense spending, new industry is moving in at such a rate that some 75 new plants are under construction to add more electronics, nuclear energy, plastics, clothing, to the area's economy. Peak unemployment hit 45,000 out of 675,000 working in mid-February, but now companies are rehiring workers. Housing in Suffolk County is 100% ahead of last year; Long Island retail sales are ahead, and while autos are down, loans on

"DON'T GET PANICKY"

AS ITS new president, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce last week elected St. Louis banker William A. McDonnell, 63, chairman of the city's First National Bank and director of McDonnell Aircraft Corp., of which his brother James S. McDonnell Jr. is president. An Arkansas cotton merchant's son, who peddled papers as a child "because I wanted to stand on my own two feet"—and now keeps them both conservatively on the ground—Banker McDonnell graduated (*summa cum laude*) from Vanderbilt University in 1917, worked up through Little Rock banks before moving to St. Louis in 1944, where he became the First National's president in 1948, its chairman last year.

"The recession," said McDonnell, is "probably about half over. It will be short-lived if we avoid getting panicky and rush in to do too much, too soon." The one major problem to solve is prices—they must come down. "This



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recession is going to be cured primarily in the market place, not on Capitol Hill." In order to speed it along, "the best things would be for labor and management to get together and declare a truce on higher wages and prices until this thing is over." The Government can be of some help, though such highly publicized recession cures as a speedup in public works are overstated benefits. "A new post office in Podunk doesn't do much for the skilled man who is unemployed in Detroit." More important, said McDonnell, who once argued that the best way to halt inflation in the U.S. economy was to increase taxes on incomes below \$5,000, is a program of "sensible tax reforms." McDonnell wants temporary tax relief for all income groups and for corporations as well. Only then, says he, can "we increase the incentives for business risks and release to the fullest the creative energies of our people."

boats at the Franklin National Bank (total resources: \$517 million) are up 50%.

THE SOUTH hears more talk than it sees critical signs of recession. Some Southern towns have their share of auto-, steel- and oil-industry layoffs, and many textile mills are on a two-day week. Tennessee's troubled coal industry is 50% laid off. Yet unemployment, percentage-wise, is less than in the North. Texas unemployment is up to 5.7% of the labor force, yet retail sales are running 2% ahead of last year, and the University of Texas' index of business activity is 1% ahead of 1957. Department-store sales are down slightly, mainly because of bad weather. But at Atlanta's hard-selling Rich's department store, sales are even with last year. Businessmen count on their growing market, lower labor costs and the efficient new plants built by migrating Northern industry to carry them through the recession without harm. "I take a real deep breath of relief," says Southern Co. President Harlee Branch Jr., whose company still has record demand for electric power, "when I get away from those damned pessimistic New Yorkers."

THE MIDWEST is neither as gloomy as New England nor as bullish as the South. One-industry towns such as Flint, Mich., where General Motors' Buick division laid off more than half its work force, have helped peak Michigan's unemployment to 415,000, or 14.3% of the labor force, and the highest figure since the war. Lorain, Ohio, where U.S. Steel laid off 3,500 of its 11,000-man National Tube Division, is also in deep recession. Peoria, Ill., where Caterpillar Tractor Co. laid off 6,000 of its 23,000 men, is getting ready to dis-

pense free groceries to jobless workers. But in bigger, more diversified cities such as Chicago, Toledo and Cleveland, retail sales, housing and other economic indicators show little serious decline.

THE WEST COAST is in recession only by contrast with its 1957 boom. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce reported its general business index down 2.6% from last year but still 6% ahead of 1956. Despite a 58,000-man drop in the aircraft industry, most of which is concentrated around Los Angeles, total employment in the area is only 18,000 short of the near-record 2,497,000 high of last January. Wages (\$95.91 weekly) are rising, and personal income for the state is predicted at \$35.7 billion this year, up 3%. Business failures are down, and builders expect a good year, with a 10% increase of 100,000 new homes in Southern California. Said a furniture-store executive in Fresno, Calif., where aircraft and other layoffs have increased unemployment by 50%: "We were scared to death. But we haven't been hurt; those who work hard at selling are doing all right."

THE NORTHWEST, in recession for two years because of poor lumber business, is getting more of the same. Plywood prices have been hanging at a historic low of \$64 per 1,000 sq. ft., and industry-wide unemployment is up to 50,000 v. 38,000 at this time last year. One encouraging sign is that in the last fortnight a sudden rush of orders has swamped the industry, pushed some prices up to \$72 per 1,000 sq. ft. Another good omen: builders report a construction spurt, with 50% more new houses either on the drawing boards or ready for concrete-pouring than last

year at this time. Nevertheless, retail sales are down 2% area-wide, and autos are deep in the doldrums. "We're not really alarmed as yet," said a Seattle Chrysler-Plymouth dealer. "But if there isn't a real upsurge in March, you'll be able to see me sweat from 20 ft. away."

The \$21 Billion Cut. Looking back, the U.S. could easily spot the reasons for recession. A minority of economists and businessmen blame the Federal Reserve's tight-money policy. But the majority praise the FRB, consider its use of the credit tools better than ever before, praise the speed with which it loosened credit when business began to slide. Actually, tight credit was only one factor in the slump. The economy has been in rolling readjustment for years, some areas slowing down while others steamed ahead. For a long time, the pluses far outstripped the minuses. But beginning last July, so many big adjustments all piled in so fast in the next six to eight months that the nation's overall demand for goods and services dropped well below the supply:

¶ Defense spending, which had edged up in 1957's first eight months to a yearly rate of \$42 billion, was cut in the last four months to a rate of \$36 billion as the Defense Department desperately tried to keep within its budget. Cut in spending rate: \$6 billion.

¶ Foreign trade slumped from an export rate of \$26.9 billion annually in 1957's second quarter to \$24.8 billion in the fourth quarter as foreign nations fought to lick their own inflation, tried to save gold and dollar reserves. Cut in demand: \$2 billion.

¶ Plant-expansion slowdown and the consequent cut in spending: \$3 billion.

¶ Inventory buying, accelerating at the rate of \$3 billion annually, turned completely around in October and was decreasing at a lightning-fast \$7 billion rate in January as businessmen lived off their warehouse stocks. Cut in demand: \$10 billion.

¶ Total cut in spending rates: \$21 billion.

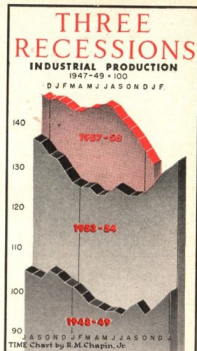
The Bottom? When will the economy turn up again? At first the crystal-ball-gazers looked for an upturn starting at midyear. Now they have put the turn farther off, barring a tax cut that might give the U.S. a fast boost. Most economists agree with Harvard Economist Sumner Slichter, who says: "It will be six months before the economy shows much pep." They think the recession will reach bottom soon, may be there even now. Then, say economists, it will rock along on a relatively even keel for six months or more before turning gradually upward in 1958's final quarter.

One reason many a businessman thinks that the recession is already bottoming out is the drastic cut in inventories. So many companies are eating into inventories so fast that it looks as if they will soon have to start ordering again whether they like it or not. Best evidence came from the National Association of Purchasing Agents, whose members were the first to issue a warning last fall. Last week the association reported that its members were more optimistic in February than at any time since last November; 24% reported that their new-order situation was improving, v. only 15% in January. Added the agents' Chicago association: "There is a slight indication that we may just about have reached bottom, and a reversal will start taking place in the not too distant future."

Another encouraging sign comes from railroaders, who reported that freight loadings, which had one of the worst slides, may have hit bottom. Though carloadings for the year are still 17.5% below 1957, railroaders attribute at least part of the trouble to winter snows that tied up Eastern lines during February, and note a small but definite uptrend so far in March. A second hint that companies may start ordering soon: during a walkout at Aluminum Co. of America's Alcoa (Tenn.) plant late in January, General Electric Co. got a court order after four days to enter the plant and get desperately needed aluminum it had on order.

Copper producers also think that their customers, who have been liquidating inventories ever since September 1956, may be getting down to empty warehouses. Anacosta Copper Chairman Roy H. Glover reports that inventories are down to the point where any substantial reversal in business trends will mean a sharp pickup for the industry. Says Glover, who notes that all customers now demand immediate delivery: "Many of our very important customers now freely say that their inventories are on the tailgates of our trucks."

Pickup in Autos? Many steelmen believe that steel's inventory cutbacks may also be nearing an end. Production is down about 40%, twice the drop in consumption. Estimates are that total steel inventories are already down below 20 million tons, off 5,000,000 tons from the peak, and below the 21 million-ton inventory considered normal. While inventories got as low as 14 million tons during the 1954 recession, steelmen reckon that in 1958's bigger economy a bare-minimum inven-

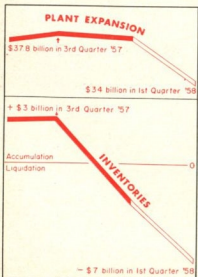


tory is 17 million tons. What could turn steel around—and give the entire economy a healthy lift—is auto sales. With an inventory of 900,000 unsold cars, the industry needs a big pickup in sales before it can step up production again. While automakers have just about given up hope of turning out the 5,500,000 cars they once expected (TIME, Dec. 30), they still hope to do far better than the 4,500,000 current rate, thus feel they have no place to go but up.

After a miserable January, sales rose in late February, and are still climbing in March, with some dealers reporting business 100% better than last month. These increases encouraged dealers to hope that the bad winter weather was as responsible for poor sales as all the complaints about Detroit's 1958 cars. One all-inclusive gripe, from Economist Slichter, who drives a 1951 Ford and recently refused to buy a 1958 model: "They are inconveniently low, inconveniently wide, inconveniently low, wasteful of gas, expensive to maintain, clumsy and ugly."

Beef & Macy's. Everyone expects the U.S. consumer to start buying more of everything soon. Purchasing power has been held up by unemployment compensation and other benefits. Furthermore, despite the jobless rise, overall U.S. employment remains high. Some 50% of the unemployment rise is in manufacturing industries (autos, aircraft), which employ only 23% of the total labor force. The service industries, which employ 35%, show no recession, have held remarkably steady, with little or no change over the last three months.

One problem that bothers retailers is the big rise in savings, which have gone up \$7 billion since January 1957. Nevertheless, disposable personal income will



still be so high this year (up 2% to \$307 billion on Administration estimates) that about the same amount is being spent as last year. Installment credit, rising by \$2.5 billion in 1957, has shown no serious fall-off. While consumers are cutting back in durable goods, they are not cutting down on food, clothing, or services. With salesmanship, the consumer can even be enticed into buying summer appliances in the dead of winter. Said an executive of Manhattan's R. H. Macy & Co., which ran an air-conditioner sale in February's zero weather: "It was fantastic. We sold out, reordered, sold out again. It goes to show that the money is there when the public wants something and gets it at a bargain."

Housing has had its recession and should lead the overall construction industry to a record \$33.8 billion worth of construction contracts in 1958. After two years of slipping sales, builders see a 6% increase in nonfarm housing starts to 1,075,000 this year. FHA applications for the first two months of the year are 70% ahead of last year; builders in Los Angeles, Seattle, Boston and many other cities report housing starts 10% to 15% ahead of last year. Yet, like every other merchandiser, builders must hustle hard to sell, put more value into their product to tempt the careful, money-conscious U.S. public. One Los Angeles developer, tracing the course of house-hunting young couples, was astounded to discover that the average couple looked over ten housing developments on a Sunday afternoon; one hard-to-please pair even squeezed in 18 stops searching for just the right house.

Rockets for Recovery. A third strong counter-recession force is Government spending. State and local governments will add another \$3 billion to their annual outlay in fiscal 1959, bringing it to a record \$43 billion for payrolls, new schools, water plants, etc. The federal road-building program is also proceeding on schedule, so far as the letting of contracts (\$3.6 billion to date) is concerned, although actual construction is lagging because of the weather. Finally, defense spending is in the midst of a rocketing, post-Sputnik rise. After dropping to \$7.9 billion in the last six months of 1957, defense spending for "hard goods" (tanks, planes, missiles, etc.) will almost double to \$13.4 billion in the first six months of 1958. The letting of contracts for future production has also been nearly doubled from what it was in the last six months of '57. In addition, the Administration wants Congress to vote \$2.7 billion more for the remainder of fiscal 1958 and fiscal 1959.

Some economists contend that new defense spending will not have much effect on the economy, since most of it is for missiles, which do not require huge amounts of materials. One answer to this can be found in the Aerojet-General Corp., which makes rocket engines. It has already expanded its Folsom plant, near Sacramento, from 3,000 to 7,000 men, and now wants another 1,000 men by June. Effect on the Sacramento area of these 1,000 new production workers, plus

the service workers that they will draw in; a population increase of 2,060 and 1,120 more households; personal-income increase of \$5,900,000; a total of \$2,700,000 more in bank deposits; a passenger-car increase of 1,070; a total employment increase of 1,740; a total of \$3,600,000 more retail sales annually; and the establishment of 40 more retail businesses.

Prices & Productivity. Last week, as the recession appeared near the bottom of the slide, few thoughtful businessmen were anxious to force the tired bull to his feet too soon. They fear the speedy

return of inflation, since prices, which normally drop in a recession, have held up surprisingly. Though many retail prices and some wholesale items dropped, the level of the nation's basic commodities is unchanged. The reason, say businessmen, is the organized labor philosophy that good business or bad, wages—and thus prices—must go up every year. Therefore, steelmen refuse to cut prices, not only because they say it would not improve business, but also because they face an automatic 7% wage increase next July 1; Detroit refuses to lower auto

TAX CUTS: How Much & When?

IF the business slump continues, taxes will be cut. But how much and when? Some economists argue that the U.S. cannot afford the \$6 billion to \$8 billion yearly loss to the Government of the tax-cut packages so far proposed, especially since the Government expects to run into a \$4.5 billion deficit in fiscal 1959 without a cut. The answer of tax-cutters is that a cut eventually generates new revenue by stimulating economic activity; for example, the Government lost some \$5 billion yearly in revenue when it cut taxes in 1954, but within a year, as the tax cut helped push the boom forward once more, revenue was up \$7.8 billion. Those in favor of a tax cut contend that it is a more effective spur than a public-works program. A tax cut can be made fast, putting cash directly into pockets for spending on consumer goods in about two months, thus quickly affecting production. A public-works program takes time to get started, may have no effect until the economy has turned up again—and then contributes to inflation.

To cut as quickly as possible, the United Auto Workers' Walter Reuther is plumping for a temporary suspension of withholding taxes. Ford Motor Vice President Theodore O. Yntema goes even farther, suggests a moratorium on all income taxes, whether withheld or paid quarterly. Neither plan has found much support, largely because both are considered unconventional, difficult to administer. Labor unions and some Democrats have suggested a rise in the personal income-tax exemption from \$600 to \$700 or \$800. Legislators of both parties frown on such a plan because it would free millions of people from paying any taxes, remove the sense of responsibility that goes with taxpaying.

What is much more likely—if the cut is made—is a small across-the-board cut for business, a bigger cut for individuals, and reductions in many excise taxes. Prevalent speculation:

Individuals will probably get about an 11% cut v. a 12% cut in 1954, giving the taxpayer in the \$5,000-a-

year-and-under bracket (the biggest group) as much as \$1.60 a week more in his pay envelope. Loss in Government revenues: \$4 billion.

Corporations can look forward to a corporate rate reduction from 52% to 50%. Government loss: \$1 billion.

Excise taxes, which have outlived their wartime purpose to discourage use of scarce material and transportation, are certain to be slashed. Likely targets: the manufacturers' auto excise tax, which adds \$150-\$200 to the cost of an auto (manufacturers say they will pass on the savings); the 3% freight transportation tax; the coal and oil transportation tax; retail taxes on such "luxury" items as leather, cosmetics. Government loss: \$1 billion.

The biggest argument over proposed tax cuts is whether they should be temporary or permanent. Illinois' Democratic Senator Paul Douglas favors a temporary cut for six months or a year, with the termination date written into law. The argument for a temporary cut is that, though reinstatement of any cut might be necessary to fight inflation, no politicians would boost taxes with a presidential election coming up unless it were agreed on in advance. On the other hand, many economists and businessmen favor a tax reduction without any cutoff date, believe that a cut advertised as temporary beforehand might defeat its own purpose. Taxpayers might be reluctant to spend on the basis of a temporary cut, instead save their tax bonus.

Whatever tax cut is made, almost everyone agrees it must be made fast to be effective. Though California's Senator William F. Knowland thinks Congress will wait until June before making any tax cut, congressional sentiment is strong to cut taxes in April if the recession is deepening. A lengthy debate over what excise taxes should be cut might further check consumer buying. In Canada, for example, the government dawdled over an auto excise cut last year. Consumers stopped buying in expectation of the cut—and Canadian auto production was seriously hurt.

prices largely because it must renegotiate auto contracts this summer, expects that it will have to grant the U.A.W. a boost.

What labor has not learned is that just as businessmen must suffer from reduced business and lower profits, so labor must also bear some of the cost of a business downturn. Businessmen fear that the U.S. will not be on solid ground for an upturn until the wage spiral is broken, and productivity, which has not been rising as fast as wage rates, catches up. Said Industrialist and longtime Federal Reserve Chairman Marriner Eccles: "Organized labor has already jeopardized its interests by pricing many of its goods and services right out of the market."

Businessmen are trying to trim as much fat as possible from their own operations. U.S. Steel is setting up its first incentive program for salesmen; in the good old days steel salesmen spent their time explaining why customers had to wait for steel, they must now get out and sell. With a tighter economy, companies are also replacing marginal workers with more

efficient hands. Los Angeles' Broadway-Hale Stores has cut employment 7% so far this year, and expects a 4.6% sales decrease. Yet by improving the work force and reducing overhead, President Edward W. Carter expects to keep profits steady.

New Markets. U.S. industry is well aware of the need for finding new markets for its surplus capacity, which is partly due to a miscalculation; the new plants in many cases have proved capable of turning out more goods than expected. U.S. Steel is still budgeting \$665 million this year for further expansion; Inland Steel is going right ahead with its \$280 million program. Said Big Steel's Vice President and Comptroller W. A. Walker: "It is not prudent or intelligent of management to halt expansion when things are poor. It is easier to build now. You get more for your money, although prices aren't down too much. But it's easier to get materials now."

Like other corporations, the steel companies have their eyes on the steady ex-

pansion of markets not only by finding new uses for their products but because of the population increase. New households are being formed at the rate of 800,000 a year. In the 1960's, the increase will jump above 1,000,000 as the war babies reach marriageable age.

Federal Reserve Chairman William McCleskey Martin, who feels that the economy is suffering from indigestion or overexertion but that it is healthier now than it was three months ago, says: "Nothing can prevent our recovery going to higher levels of activity than we have heretofore except our mishandling of the patient by shooting in hypodermics, giving drugs at a point where the patient will continue to overexert himself and eventually put himself in a much worse position than he is at present."

FOREIGN TRADE

Red Offensive

The Russians' campaign to capture more Western markets brought some cries of alarm last week. For many years Britain has bought 80% of its aluminum supply from Aluminum Co. of Canada, Ltd. Currently, British demand is drastically down, and Alcan's British market has dropped from 205,000 tons in 1956 to 153,000 tons last year. At the same time, Russian aluminum exports to Britain have soared from 197 tons in 1956 to an annual rate of 23,000 tons. Reason: Red aluminum sells for \$510 a ton v. the Canadian price of \$552.

Last week Alcan revealed that it began granting a 2% "loyalty" discount to British buyers three months ago, has asked the British Board of Trade to impose an anti-dumping duty on Red imports. Just as alarmed by heavy imports of cheaper Russian ferroalloys, Union Carbide, Ltd. is pondering a similar bid to the board.

While competing harder in Britain, the Reds are also wooing British businessmen with orders as part of their campaign to get the embargo on East-West trade eased. In London last week a Soviet trade mission announced one of its biggest catches to date. With Rustyfa, a combine of British companies, the Russians placed an equipment order of between \$28 million and \$42 million for one of the biggest tire factories outside the U.S. To be built at Dnepropetrovsk in the Ukraine, the plant will turn out 2,000,000 tires a year.

In Turkey last week U.S. buyers of the new tobacco crop found their hard-cash deals being squeezed by satellite countries. Americans buy at the official rate of 2.8 liras to the dollar. The Communists pay in barter deals at a rate of 14 to 15 liras to the dollar—covering the cost by boosting prices of their goods. Much of the Red-bought tobacco does not go to satellite citizens, but is eventually sold in the U.S. for dollars. Since U.S. companies have recently found a better, cheaper tobacco in Greece, they are not worried by Red competition in Turkey. But the Turks are losing badly needed dollars, which the Communists are getting instead.

TIME CLOCK

ATOMIC POWER may be speeded soon by AEC after hot congressional pressure to build more plants (TIME, Feb. 10). AEC would boost spending on civilian program from \$124.3 million annually to about \$200 million in next five years. Items: better research to cut high cost of uranium fuel, more Government money to build three new advanced reactors, higher price paid by AEC for byproduct plutonium to give industry healthier profit.

DRESS PRICES will creep up by summer as result of 8% wage increase won in dress strike (TIME, March 17).

U.S. TOURIST SPENDING will top last year's record \$1.9 billion. American Express reports 660,000 Americans will visit Europe alone—10% more than in 1957—and hotel bookings are running as much as 50% ahead. Paris expects 420,000 dollar-laden American visitors, Brussels 400,000 (thanks to world's fair), Rome 313,300, London 300,000, Amsterdam and Madrid 210,000 each.

MARTIN'S TITAN ICBM will be test-flown this year. Air Force has successfully completed ground tests of 5,500-mile missile's components and inertial guidance system, which uses gyroscopes rather than radio control.

KRESS FOUNDATION will exercise control of S. H. Kress & Co. variety-store chain. Four members of Kress's seven-man board were replaced with four foundation men. Company Chairman Rush H. Kress acceded to demands of foundation, which owns 42% of Kress common, after it threatened proxy war (TIME,

March 3) to change management, mainly because foundation's dividends from chain had been cut.

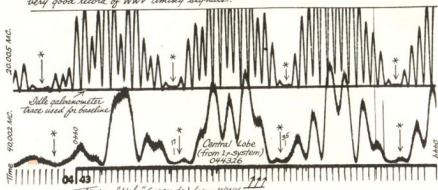
SOIL-BANK HANDOUTS will be boosted from \$500 million to \$750 million this year because so many farmers rushed to cash in on acreage reserve program, scheduled to expire in 1959. Boost will cut market for farm labor and supplies, pinch many rural merchants. Example: in Georgia each dollar paid by soil bank will take an estimated \$3 to \$5 out of circulation in farm towns.

\$100 MILLION CONTRACT will go to General Electric Co. to design, build and test world's biggest known radar system. It will be first part of Air Force's \$721 million missile early-warning system (TIME, Feb. 3) to detect ICBMs in flight several thousand miles away. Work starts soon in G.E.'s Syracuse plant, will buoy company's defense employment.

SANTA FE RAILWAY henceforth will serve only one of the three cities in its famed title—Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. Kansas Supreme Court ruled that railroad, which has not served Santa Fe for years, could drop money-losing passenger service to Atchison, Kans. Line will serve Topeka only as alternate stop.

NEW AIR POLICY will encourage U.S. airlines to give more financial and technical aid to fledgling foreign lines, especially in Latin America. Program is being triggered by Defense Department fears that Soviets will move in if U.S. lines do not, and offer Russian jets (with accompanying "advisors") at hard-to-resist giveaway prices.

This picture shows slightly more than one minute of a record perhaps 10 minutes long. It is a good interferometer record, though not quite as "pretty" as #1. It has a very good record of WWV timing signals.



* - Nulls in pattern of interferometer antenna system. The other lobes and nulls (fine structure) are signal fading.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Saddle the Wind (M-G-M) is a not altogether successful attempt to mingle culture and coyotes. The culture is provided by John Cassavetes, a Stanislavsky-type buckaroo who looks sort of lost in all those wide-open spaces.

One day the kid rides home with a gun ("the fastest in the West") and a girl (Julie London), and pretty soon he starts to abuse them both. The girl he kisses, as she puts it, "like you paid money for the privilege." The gun he fires at anybody whose looks he doesn't happen to like. All this is mighty upsetting to Robert Taylor, the kid's big brother. "I wanted him straight," he sighs, "that's all. But he was rotten leather and he came apart." So in the end it's brother against brother, but as they say down Texas way, "Yew kin saddle the wind, but yew can't ride it."

Taking the bitter with the better, *Saddle the Wind* is a pretty good western. Rod Serling's script is intelligible, and Actor Taylor has acted in enough horse operas to appear at ease on a horse.

The High Cost of Loving (M-G-M) is a clever little watercooler farce with kitchentette complications. The hero (José Ferrer) and heroine (Gena Rowlands) are a nice young suburban couple. Two cars, no kids, both work—she in a gift shop ("It's For Them"), he in industry (purchasing department). One morning she happily announces that after nine years of trying they are finally going to have a baby. At work he prematurely passes the cigars and takes the joshing. ("Here's a man who has proved that anything can be done if you keep on trying," cracks one of the boys, and papa modestly replies, "It wasn't easy.")

Then all at once the hero's bubble of prosperity bursts. He fails to receive an invitation to an important executive luncheon, at which the management intends to separate the sheep from the goats, and he concludes that his career has gone from baa to worse. At home he tries manfully not to blubber ("They don't want me any more"), and his wife takes dismal, comical inventory of the monthly payments they must meet. "Well, there's the new hot-water heater... the garbage-disposal unit, the washer and dryer, the TV and the hi-fi, the new divan and those silly chairs that match, the gas range, the Deepfreeze, the power mower, the electric barbecue, the dining suite, the bedroom suite..." The only thing they can do, the husband ruefully decides, is cut down on luxuries—like food.

In the end, of course, the hero's recession proves to be nothing worse than a readjustment; nevertheless, in its hilarious conclusion, the picture does not fail to point a serious moral: uneasy lies the neck that wears a white collar.

HCL has one important fault: it plays its satire too safe. But the script, by Rip Van Ronkel, is written with a nice sense



BROTHERS TAYLOR & CASSAVETES
Easy in the saddle.

of pace. The camera, moreover, is wittily used. The long, slow start in which the husband and wife go through the motions of getting ready for work is a piece of slickly observed *a.m.ericana*. The acting is sound, too, even in the side parts. Best of all is the work of Director José Ferrer, who has even managed to coax a graceful, flexible performance out of wooden-faced Leading Man José Ferrer.

The Confessions of Felix Krull (DCA). The Germans, no matter what the rest of the world says, have a wonderful sense of humor—if only they were not



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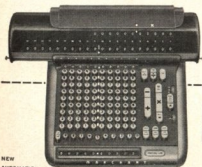
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so serious about it. This picture, adapted from the last novel published by the late Thomas Mann, is a classic instance of *deutscher Witz*: a good joke, badly told but brilliantly explained, heartily laughed at by the teller, laboriously retold from several other angles, and reduced, in conclusion, to its philosophic essence. In this case, unfortunately, the essence is a dull epigram. "Love the world," Mann's hero cries, "and the world will love you."

The statement expresses the mercantile theory of morals, and Mann's man (Henry Bookholt), faithfully represented on the screen, is intended to embody it. Born in the Rhineland, Felix Krull begins life as the son of a somewhat shady operator who manufactures phony champagne. Deftly dodging the draft with a feigned fit of epilepsy, Felix lights out for Paris to live by his wits. He rehearses them at the border. When a wealthy woman, Mme. Houplé (Susi Nicoletti), stands next to Felix during customs inspection, her jewel case somehow gets mixed up with his belongings, and he finds himself just too shy to mention the fact. Theft? Perhaps. But Felix likes to think of it as "manipulated luck."

In Paris the young adventurer hires on as a lift boy in a posh hotel. And who turns up? The lady of the jewel case, of course. It develops that her husband owns "the biggest *pâté* factory in Strasbourg," and the wife lives like the goose. More luck, and Felix manipulates it skillfully. The lady tears the uniform off him one evening, flings him into bed. Later she forces him to steal the rest of her jewels while she cries: "Oh, how delightfully you deceive me."

And so on, from one enriching experience to another. From hoopla with Houplé to *Unsin* with Zouzou, from Paris to Lisbon, from an elevator to a marquise—it is all intended to be good, brisk picaresque, but somehow (perhaps partly because of the turgid English subtitles), it sounds more like bad libretto.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Enemy Below. A thriller of a duel between a DE and a U-boat, well played by Robert Mitchum and Curt Jürgens, sharply directed by Dick Powell (TIME, Jan. 13).

The Bridge on the River Kwai. Director David Lean's magnificently ironic adventure story, developed into a tragic exploration of the unmeaning of life; with Alec Guinness, William Holden (TIME, Dec. 23).

Paths of Glory. A passion out of fashion, antimilitarism, vented by a gifted new director, 29-year-old Stanley Kubrick (TIME, Dec. 9).

Don't Go Near the Water. A daffy piece of South Pacific fiction, based on William Brinkley's novel about some officers and men engaged in the Navy's public relations and their own private affairs (TIME, Nov. 25).

Pal Joey. A mildly anemic version of the full-blooded Broadway musical—with Frank Sinatra supplying a strong jolt of the glamour vitamin (TIME, Oct. 28).

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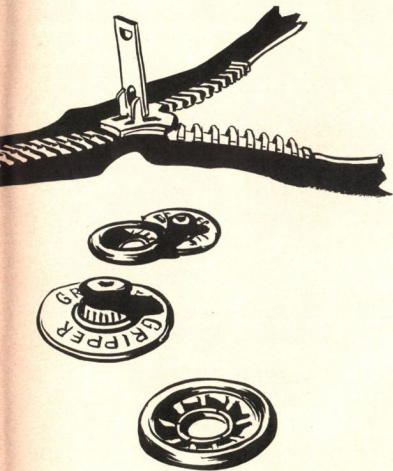


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BOOKS

By Law Possessed

Law books are strictly for lawyers, but books with lawyer heroes seem to fascinate almost everybody. Two such novels are currently running No. 1 and 2 on national bestseller lists: *Anatomy of a Murder*, by Robert Traver (TIME, Jan. 6), and *By Love Possessed*, by James Gould Cozzens (TIME, Sept. 2). The books handle "nice sharp quillets of the law" expertly, but differently. *Anatomy of a Murder* (the author, hiding behind a pen name, is John D. Voelker, justice of the Michigan Supreme Court) suffers from inept writing but describes in fascinating detail the elaborate, unpredictable mechanism that controls the outwardly simple cases of justice during a murder trial. A fact that has not harmed sales is that the case involves the rape of a luscious doll (she is so sexy that the defense lawyer orders her to wear a girdle on the witness stand so as not to antagonize prudish jurors).

Coincidentally, *By Love Possessed* also features a rape case, and plenty of legal technicalities. But beneath the excitements and the pyrotechnics of the law, there lies, for Lawyer-Hero Arthur Winner, "that majestic calm of reason designed to curb all passions." On publication, critics almost unanimously praised the book—and some wildly overpraised. Now a small reaction has set in, led by Dwight Macdonald, who in *Commentary* denounced Cozzens as a tool of the "Middlebrow Counter-Revolution." With much justice, Critic Macdonald ridicules the involved Cozzens style. With far less justice, he maintains—in a dubious bit of critical mind reading—that Hero Winner is not really the character Cozzens had meant to create; he is a prig, where Coz-

zens wanted to create an ideal man. In fact, Arthur Winner, like most men, is a mixed character—part righteous man, part self-righteous—and as such he will long continue to fascinate readers.

Sergeant Shows His Stripes

THE SERGEANT (254 pp.)—Dennis Murphy—Viking (\$3.50).

In this spare, direct first novel by a 25-year-old Californian, the members of the triangle are less interesting than the author's skill at triangulation. The draftee hero is clean-cut enough to be a side-kick of Frank Merriwell. The girl is sweet enough to grace a soap ad. And the be-deviled antagonist is the victim of an unconscious drive that makes him pathetic rather than villainous. Yet this is the kind of book that demands to be read at one sitting: the people may not be important, but their story is.

At 20, young Tom Swanson is doing his postwar Army turn at a quartermaster depot near Bordeaux, France. Militarily, the place is a joke. The company captain is a whisky-tipping, well-intentioned weakling who has never successfully crossed the no man's land that separates officers from enlisted men. When Master Sergeant Albert Callan, a World War II hero and an Army regular, is assigned to the company, the captain quickly melts into the background. The men get on the ball, and the sergeant, half hated, half respected, is insistently felt as a ruthless, unbending presence who is long on Army regulations, short on common humanity. Sadly enough for Tom Swanson, the middle-aged sergeant takes a shine to him. He installs him as company clerk, breaks up his lyrical love affair with a charming French girl, and begins an unconscious homosexual pursuit. Each night he takes the boy off to village bars until their lives become a dreadful bender from which Tom cannot escape, only half sensing the truth about the sergeant that must sooner or later burst to the surface.

The girl waits loyally while the boy tries desperately but unsuccessfully to shake his crude, nearly crazed pursuer. In the book's final burst of violence, the sergeant moves rapidly to an inevitable end. Author Murphy's scenes of Army life abroad are nearly faultless (he served in France in 1953-54), and he sticks to his story with a relentlessness rare in a first novelist. He maintains enormous suspense, never lets his characters get out of character, and makes a genuine tragedy of an unsavory situation.

Lady on a Plush Pegasus

THE FINE AND THE WICKED (223 pp.)—Monica Stirling—Coward-McCann (\$4).

Stuffed birds under glass bells no longer sit on modern mantelpieces, and the 47 books of Ouida no longer stand between ebony bookends. Yet Ouida, "almost the last of lady authors," is not just a Victorian-Edwardian period piece. Monica



NOVELIST OUIDA
Passion flowers v. potatoes.

Stirling's detailed, if often careless book proves her a writer of astonishing vigor, and as rare a bird as any to undergo a biographer's taxidermy.

Before the turn of the century, she enjoyed a wicked fame, and children were spanked for reading her; in an age that would call a bed a bed only if it was a deathbed, Ouida called it a great bouncing ottoman. Her novels (most famed: *Under Two Flags*) were admired by writers as sophisticated as Max Beerbohm and G. K. Chesterton, who wrote: "Though it is impossible not to smile at Ouida, it is equally impossible not to read her."

The trouble for any reader who tackles her today is that Ouida usually wrote with a perfume atomizer about aristocratic characters now very nearly extinct. None loved a lord more dearly than Ouida, and, mounted on the plush Pegasus of her imagination, she wrote to hounds with the best of them. She was a hopeless romantic—but she had the sense to know it. "I do not object to realism in fiction," she wrote, "but the passion flower is as real as the potato."

Scented Boudoirs. Amid the frost-bitten tubers of modern fiction, no one, but no one, digs Ouida's passion flowers. Her heroes and heroines had names like Fulke Ravensworth, Marion Lady Vavasour and Vaux or Sir Fulke Erclodonne. Elinor Glyn and her tiger skin were nothing to Ouida's scented boudoirs. Yet, in an age before Cinerama, she was a great descriptive writer, able to evoke Venice, Vienna, Chamonix without ever having paid them so much as a courtesy call.

She was born Louise (hence, from a childish lisp, Ouida) Ramé, in Bury St. Edmunds. Her father, a mysterious Frenchman, may or may not have been a spy for Louis Napoleon. As she grew up, she displayed a tough mind and an absurd imagination—something between Racine and Edward Lear, says Biographer Stirling. When she insisted on behaving like



NOVELIST MURPHY
Dark drives v. innocence.

Bunny Adler



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her own fictional characters (e.g., flinging an ivory cigar case from her opera box at the feet of an Italian tenor), it became clear that England was not for her nor she for England.

She spent 23 years in Florence, and wrote against debt like Dostoevsky. She had a desperate, long and painful affair with a romantic Italian who claimed to be the inventor of the first gasoline engine. She seems to have committed the one fatal mistake a woman can make with a man—she made him feel a fool. Came the day when her lover cut her dead in public.

Still she wrote, and lavishly entertained unprejudiced friends from the great world, including past and future Viceroy of India, Lords Lytton (Novelist Bulwer-Lytton's son) and Curzon. Troubles piled up. When she offended the Italians with a bitterly realistic story, her pony cart was shot at. She was furious: the noise might have made her ponies nervous. The Italians imposed a muzzling order against all dogs; she spent a night with her beloved pooches in a hackney carriage rather than see their freedom being curtailed.

The Fatal Flaw. Finally, says Biographer Stirling, Ouida's life became "grotesque, pantomime-like and tragic." During her return visit to England, intended to be triumphal, handsome but aging (55) Lord Lytton locked himself in his room to escape her attentions. Ouida wound up her life as a spinster with a passion for pet dogs, owls and other dumb chums; but she lived it down to the end with courage.

The fatal flaw in the logic of Ouida's life was that a Philistine aristocracy did not accept those who celebrated it. The toffs came to her parties but seldom asked her back. She was, says her biographer, "the last representative of a class to which she did not belong." When she died in 1908, aged 69, only a few writers and aristocratic nonconformists were faithful. She did not worry about posterity. She wrote: "Possibly there will be no posterity at all, but only a shattered earth; scattered into space by some exploit of that boastful learning called science."

Gold Rush Huck Finn

THE TRAVELS OF JAIMIE MCPHEETERS (544 pp.)—Robert Lewis Taylor—Doubleday (\$4.50).

For 2,000 miles and half a thousand pages, the Redskins keep coming. "We'll stand them off," says one embattled paleface. "If we don't, save a ball for the women and children." The reader can have himself a different kind of ball with this book—if he will only persevere. Versatile Author Taylor (*Center Ring*, W. C. Fields) follows in the footsteps of a master of the picaresque, Tobias Smollett's *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker* (1771) was a superbly comical novel, in letter form, about a family traveling around England in the days of highwaymen and top-heavy coaches. Author Taylor's book is not only a parody of Smollett's parody of 18th century travelogues, but of every Western ever written.

Sardius MCPheeters, a poker-broke



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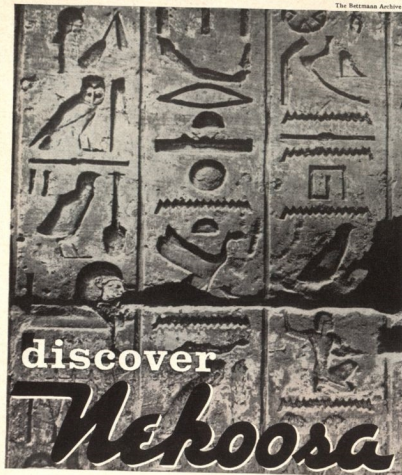
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Louisville physician, joins the Gold Rush hoping that some day he will return "laden with the treasures of Golconda, respected, envied by all, denied credit by none." His son Jaimie goes along mainly to escape high school, feeling himself "already educated to the point of absurdity." As they pick up companions along the way, the McPheeters party grows into as fine a concourse of nit-witted adventurers as ever washed a pan in greed. Among those present:

¶ Mr. Kissel, "a giant for strength and size" but such a mute dumbbell that when he manages to say "pass the bacon," he gives an impression of pithy wisdom. First-rate with rifle or ax; has been known to throw a bully 30 ft. without having him bounce.

¶ Jennie, "fresh and sparkling as a rosebud," her "lovely petals protected by a thorn." With a slight tightening of the



Ted Sato

NOVELIST TAYLOR

The persevering will have a ball.

lips (and Kissel's shotgun), she can down eight brace of prairie plover in seven shots (five doubles and two triples). Has a "neat, graceful competence" in scalping Indians. Fond of husbands, but is apt to have them shot out from under her.

¶ Buck Coulter, the "trail boss." Brings out the worst in Jennie by showing too much chest hair ("It's indecent"), eventually becomes her third mate.

¶ The Honorable Henry T. Coe, a Briton traveling to California with 26 cases of ginger beer. Wears striped pants and kid gloves; constantly jots down notes for a book called *An Amble Over the Rockies*.

Part of the amble is described by McPheeters Sr. in letters to his wife. Son Jaimie, a growing lad who can never fathom what grown men see in women, tells the rest of the story; his insights and outlook are highly reminiscent of Huck Finn. He contributes many a stomach-turning episode, notably his pouring a brew of poisonous Indian medicine down



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ailing father McPheeters' throat through an oil funnel: "He spit the first dose straight up . . . like a geyser, but the medicine soon took the fight out of him." The trouble is that much of Author Taylor's carefully researched Western history is too grim to blend with comedy. But much of the book is engaging and bouncy, particularly when, at journey's end, Jamie is a boy no longer, having discovered what it is men see in women: they "look somehow larger undressed than dressed, both forward and rear."

Sunset in Cyprus

BITTER LEMONS (256 pp.)—Lawrence Durrell—Dutton (\$3.50).

Antony gave the island to Cleopatra as a gift, and other conquerors would gladly have given a Cleopatra to get Cyprus. For the last 2,000 years, tidal waves of conquest have continued to sweep over the island's pebbled shores. Cyprus has been ruled by medieval Knights Templar, Venetians, Turks and British. By 1953, when Author Lawrence (*Justine*) Durrell (*TIME*, Aug. 26) arrived in Cyprus in search of a writer's low-cost retreat, the Greek Cypriots (four-fifths of the population) were scrawling their own historic handwriting on the village walls: "*Enosia* and only *enosia*" (union, i.e., with Greece).

Bitter Lemons is a poignant account of the deepening tragedy of Anglo-Cypriot relations. But it is also much more—a superlative piece of travel writing by an Anglo-Irishman who has long and lovingly rooted himself in the Mediterranean scene. Author Durrell, 46, taps the juice and joy of his Cypriot friends, Greek and Turkish, and his poetic style transforms the Cypriot landscape into a "sun-bruised" demi-paradise.

The Tree of Idleness. After a hilarious session of Near Eastern haggling, Author Durrell took over "an iron key the size of a man's forearm" to a house in the sleepy, whitewashed mountain village of Bellapais. Under "the Tree of Idleness" in the village square, the towg greybeards sipped Turkish coffee and played a semipiternal game of cards. To Durrell's knowledge no one ever died, and the town gravedigger had to eke out a living digging cesspits. Each day toward twilight, a dozen cattle burst across the main street at race-horse pace, urged on by a bearded Hercules. He looked "like some dispossessed character from the Homeric cycle, who had yoked the oxen of the sun."

To earn his keep, Author Durrell taught English, and his giggling teen-age girl pupils promptly became infatuated with Teacher. Asked to submit an essay on her favorite historical character, one girl in the class wrote: "I have no historical character but in the real life there is one I love. He is writer. I dote him and he dotes me . . . My glad is very big."

Symbols of Liberty. Imperceptibly, the glad grew smaller. On Greek Independence Day, Teacher Durrell found his blackboard shrouded in crape with the message: **WE DEMAND OUR FREEDOM!** Among the first symbols of liberty in



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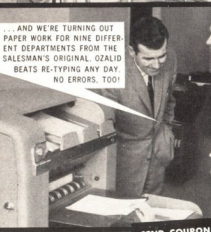
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modern Cyprus were Coca-Cola bottles, with which Author Durrell one day saw his girls pelt the police. During this "operatic phase" of the disturbances, Durrell took the post of press adviser to the governor. He still hoped that neither British hotheads ("Squeeze the Cyprs") nor Cypriot hotheads ("The British must go") would prevail. In retrospect, he believes that had Britain granted the Cypriots the right to vote on *enosis*, even in 20 years' time, tragedy might have been averted. Early British inflexibility, he argues, turned Coke bottles into grenades.

Even when the terror reached its height, Author Durrell found it hauntingly unreal. In 1956, when he went to close up the house at Bellapais before returning to London, the villagers said not a word to him, though some had tears in their eyes. "I cannot say that they were full of hate," says Author Durrell. "It was simply that... the sight of an Englishman had become an obscenity on that clear, honey-gold spring air."

The Reluctant Swami

THE GUIDE (220 pp.)—R. K. Narayan
—Viking (\$3.50).

This is a tale about a reluctant swami. The setting is Malgudi, a sleepy little Indian town dedicated to daydreaming nonviolence. One of Malgudi's daydreamers is Raju, an ex-jailbird (minor forgery) who camps on a stone slab near a temple and counts the stars. When a troubled villager says, "I have a problem, sir" and Raju hears him out, the stargazer's career as a swami has begun. Soon he gets credit for every good thing that happens in Malgudi. He repays his followers in doubtful oracular wisdom ("What can a crocodile do to you if your mind is clear and your conscience is untroubled?"). When a drought parches the countryside, Raju inadvertently agrees to fast till the rains come. He caches food in the corners of the temple, but the round-the-clock ministrations of his disciples prevent him from eating it. At this point Raju realizes that he is not man enough to be a saint.

He tries to displease his followers by telling about a long-drawn-out adulterous affair in his past. Author Narayan lavishes more space on this part of his story than it may be worth, but in its course he etches three striking character portraits. The adulteress is an Indian Madame Bovary; the cuckolded husband is an academic mole blind to his wife's yearnings; and Raju himself is the perennially Circéified male. After his confession, Raju expects the villagers to renounce him. But they disbelieve him—or are wise enough to know that he is not the same man he was. Their faith forces Raju to acquire the virtues he has mimicked. He fasts to the death and knows that the drought is over, that "it's raining in the hills." *The Guide* floats as gently as a lily pad on the surface of Indian life and yet suggests the depths beneath. It manages to describe a saint who is neither born nor made but simply happens, almost like the weather.

MISCELLANY

Out of Bounds. In Vancouver, B.C., Golf Pro Jock McKinnon learned from doctors that he is allergic to grass.

Singer. In Jackson, Miss., Mrs. Perry Hand, 31, admitted that she had put lye in her husband's whisky, explained that she wanted to "make him quit drinking."

Last Rites. In Detroit, Liberty Sam Lalomia, 39, told a judge he was planning to get married, received court permission to drop his first name.

Half-Pint Without a Cause. In Towner, N.Dak., an empty cream bottle, left on a counter in the Golden Rule Store, collected nearly a dollar in small coins before a clerk noticed it.

Overlap. In Tokyo, everyone was ruled blameless after a three-car collision involving 1) an expectant mother being rushed to the hospital in a taxi, 2) an off-duty traffic inspector chasing the cab, 3) the lady's obstetrician.

Mute Point. In Buffalo, Teddy Karlo, 50, arraigned on an intoxication charge, spoke Rumanian to the court, insisted that he could not understand English, heard the judge say "Thirty days," protested: "That's too much, Judge."

She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not. In Meridian, Miss., Bob Goodman was arrested for bigamy after being divorced by two wives on consecutive days and remarrying the first one the day after that.

Molotov Cocktail. In Detroit, Moonshiner Macy Leggett Jr., 22, was convicted after a bottle of his homemade whisky exploded in a cop's pocket a few minutes before it was to be used as evidence against him.

Quality Court. In Indianapolis, John R. Rettig, 34, explained in court that he had stolen a car in Ohio, then hurried across the Indiana line to make his crime a federal offense, because he understood that the food is better in federal than in state prisons.

Bureaucrat's Bureaucrat. In Garden City, Mich., Douglas Waddell, 50, had a falling out with the mayor, resigned as city superintendent, clerk, treasurer, purchasing agent, board of appeals secretary, planning commission member, street administrator, pension board secretary-treasurer and representative on the county sanitation authority.

Pro v. Amateur. In Norfolk, Mass., two lifers on the state prison debating team continued a three-year undefeated record—against such opponents as Oxford, Cambridge, M.I.T., Harvard—when they took the affirmative on the question "Bank Robbing Is Too Easy," downed the debating team of McGill University.

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